Serfoji Rajah 1827
THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL
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ROTHELAN;

A ROMANCE OF

THE ENGLISH HISTORIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ANNALS OF THE PARISH, RINGAN GILHAIZE,
THE SPAEWIFE, &c.

Some people would impose now with authority
Turpin's or Monmouth Geoffrey's Chronicle.

LORD BYRON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

EDINBURGH:
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AND
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1824.

3534

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Manuscript of ROTHELAN not proving sufficient to fill three volumes, three additional Tales have been added, forming part of a design which the Author has some intention of hereafter completing.

Serfogee Rajah 182

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

ROTHELAN.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE BOOK.

This sacred book a sireless sybil wrote;
The eldest she of Pyrrha's earthborn race;—
The leaves are dragons' skins in Styges dipt;—
The god-slain Python's venom served for ink,—
And for a pen, the mystic authoress
Did pluck the wing of that accursed bird
Which prey'd upon Deucalion's ancestor.

THE PROPHETESS.

AMONG the many marvellous, matchless, and magnificent missals and manuscripts, which lately adorned the gorgeous hermitage of Fonthill, THE BOOK OF BEAUTY was neither shown nor offered for sale. Perhaps we could explain the cause of this mystery; but our

task for the present is restricted to the work itself, of the literary merits of which some idea may be formed, by comparing the emaciated anatomy of our translation with the glowing and vigorous beauty of the original text.

The appearance of the volume is in all points worthy of the splendid contents; the very binding is calculated at once to inspire curiosity and bespeak admiration.

The back is formed of a precious oriental substance, resembling opal in the versatility of its radiance, but much more resplendent, and of a rich and singular purple hue. The boards consist of two unexampled plates of lapis lazuli, fastened by invisible hinges of adamant. Each of the nine clasps represents one of the muses, and is a masterpiece of art, formed of the very gold which, according to Sir John Sinclair's History of the Revenue, Raymond Lully made for King Edward the Third as easily as paper-loans, to supply his

exchequer during those great wars which the work so splendidly describes.

But why should we thus expatiate on the appearance of the mean and valueless husk? —valueless as compared with the exquisite kernel;—no typography can vie with the penmanship; and the vellum of every leaf far surpasses in brightness and beauty the smoothness of satin and the elegance of ivory. The illuminations and the ornaments around the capitals are without parallel,—indeed the book in every respect beggars the powers of all pens; and had we not apprehended, from the nature of the contents, that we ran some risk of being suspected of having found a horde of ancient manuscripts in some old Chattertonian chest, we should not have said so much. No one, however, after these proofs, can presume to say, that we have not had access to the real Fonthill Volume: for although many of the most remarkable incidents connected with the story of Dudley Neville may

be found in the national chronicles, it is yet nevertheless certain, that they are nowhere else related with the same degree of circumstantiality. Of the superior splendour of eloquence and of imagery, with which the whole composition of the Book of Beauty is so extraordinarily adorned, it is quite unnecessary to say a single word. The following pages will afford numerous specimens of our endeavours to express the conceptions of the author, as well as to embody the spirit of that heroic period which, among so many mighty and majestic achievements, comprehends also the adventures of our hero.

It is, however, proper to observe, that in this version of the Book we shall not strictly follow the regular current of the author's narrative. Like all the other ancient chroniclers, he introduces a great variety of irrelevant circumstances; and it may be justly said, that the acts of King Edward the Third and of the Black Prince constitute the verte-

bral portion of his history, while in our more brief and abrupt sketches, we intend that the reader shall find his attention chiefly directed to the fortunes of Dudley Neville; at the same time, where we can do so without materially impairing the epic unity of our attempt, we never will scruple to take a page or two more than our own subject requires, especially where the matter concerns the merits, or serves to illustrate the character, of those who won so much honour for themselves, and shed such inextinguishable glory on their country. In a word, with something like an abridgment, we propose to retain much of the original, so far as a modernisation can be called original, particularly in the dialogues and speeches of the interlocutors; and, in order that no injustice may be done to the author, we shall place the whole in a slight frame of our own;—this will enable us to arrange and set out a consistent story, that may exhibit, in some degree, the dramatic

evolutions of a tale, while it will afford opportunities to remind the reader, that he is really engaged with the true history of the most celebrated actors in some of the greatest scenes that have ever been recorded in the annals of any nation.

CHAPTER II.

THE WIDOW.

Right wele know ye,
That women be
  But feble for to fyght;
No womanhede
It is indede
  To be bold as a knyghte.

THE NOTBROWNE MAYDE.

AMONG the English barons, who fell in the Scottish wars during the minority of Edward the Third, was Edmund de Crosby, Lord of Rothelan.

This nobleman, it appears by THE BOOK, had, a few years before, during a visit which he paid to Italy, married an illustrious Florentine lady, whom he brought with him to

England. At the time when he went to the army in Scotland, he left her, with their only child, an infant boy, in Crosby-House, London, under the protection of his brother, Sir Amias de Crosby.

Sir Amias, during the life of his brother, always treated the unfortunate Italian lady with the greatest respect; allowed his own lady to regard her as a sister; and nothing ever escaped from him tending in any degree to intimate that he entertained the slightest doubt of her being his brother's wife. But as soon as the disastrous news of the battle, in which Lord Edmund fell, reached London, he at once altered his conduct,—denied the legitimacy of his nephew, and took possession of the honours and manors of Rothelan as his rightful inheritance.

In all this, according to the chronicle, Sir Amias de Crosby acted with such propriety,—for he was a man infinitely skilled in plausibilities,—that no one could call in question the va-

lidity of his proceedings. He still treated the ill-fated Lady Albertina, as he thenceforth called her, with the homage due to her noble birth, and lamented to his friends the hardships of her fortune, openly affirming, that he knew it was his brother's intention to have married her, had it pleased Heaven to permit him to return from Scotland; and therefore, though in justice to the rights of his own daughter, and those of other members of the family failing her, he was necessitated to bastardize his nephew, he yet, nevertheless, felt himself bound in honour, and by his brotherly affections, to respect the lady as if she had been indeed the unquestionable widow of Lord Edmund.

The forlorn and friendless stranger, unconscious of what was determined against her, remained for some time inconsolable for the loss of a husband to whom she was entirely devoted. For several days she heeded

nothing of what was passing around her; nor was any thing allowed to occur which might disturb the indulgence of her sorrow. The demeanour of Sir Amias, always bland and courtly, seemed to be softened into tenderness towards her;—his lady, though pleased at a disclosure so advantageous to her own family, was yet moved by the gentleness of her nature to the sincerest sympathy,—for she was unaware of the fraud. Believing the circumstances to be as they were described, she attributed the excessive grief of the widow in part to the irreparable injury which she had suffered in her fame, and continued, notwithstanding the orders of Sir Amias to the contrary, still to speak of the orphan to his mother as the young Lord of Rothelan. By this simple courtesy, originating in feminine compassion, the unhappy lady remained unacquainted with her misfortunes till long after the story, which Sir Amias had contrived and

propagated, was universally known, and the supposed generosity of his behaviour rewarded by as much applause as it could have received had it been justly merited.

But the chronicler then mentions, that, having thus succeeded in deceiving the world, and, by the address with which he acted towards the widow, also, as it were, made her seemingly an acquiescent party to his proceedings, he began to uncloak his real character.

Her presence, and that of his nephew, became disagreeable to him on account of the wrongs he had done them, and he longed for their removal from Crosby-House. But with a mournful fondness for many objects which reminded her of her lord, she still clung to the place which had been the scene of her happiness, and resisted all the importunity which he employed, with apparent concern for her health, to induce her to retire with her son to a more airy lodge he had provided for them in the country.

"I know not," said she one day to his lady, "why Sir Amias grows so very earnest that I should leave this house, which is the only place in all the world where I can have those things around me that have any influence in lessening my grief. I see here dear objects which, not to see, would sharpen the stings of my sorrow. Their presence makes my loss feel less than I should feel it where they are not;—I beseech you, sister, request him to desist; for at times I think he grows peevish at the constancy of my resolution to spend the remainder of my days here, and chides me sometimes as if the kindness he was wont to shew me had suffered a change."

The Lady de Crosby knew not well what answer to make;—she had often urged Sir Amias to inform the Lady Albertina, that she should no longer consider herself as the mistress of the mansion, nor her son as the heir of his father, and could not divine the motive of his reluctance to do so,—for she judged of

him by the feeling that restrained herself, and never once imagined that it was not delicacy which prevented the performance of a duty becoming every day more and more inevitable. Being, however, thus pressed, she replied with gentleness,—

"I am grieved to hear that you think there is any decay in the brotherly affection of Sir Amias; but I have myself observed of late, that he speaks more of your unfortunate circumstances than he used to do. I have heard him indeed say, that he has been blamed by some of our friends for the manner in which he has acted towards you."

"Blamed!" cried the ill-fated lady, "the kindest brother could not have shewn more kindness than Sir Amias has done to me;—who can blame him while my heart is so entirely satisfied?"

"Alas!" replied the Lady de Crosby, "it is for that kindness they blame him: they fear, by allowing you to remain here,

that your son may imbibe notions which hereafter we may all repent."

"Allowing me!—and my son, too, imbibing notions which you all may repent!—What do you mean, Lady de Crosby?—I am, it is true, a stranger in this land; I have here no kinsman to counsel me in any difficulty; I do not know your laws, nor to what extent they may perhaps make the lot of a poor widow more desolate than it is in my country. But I had no dream 'till this moment that I was in this house only by permission; nor that with his mother, and she a gentlewoman of unblemished honour, an infant nobleman could be deemed in any jeopardy. O, surely, there has been nothing in my demeanour to cause any one to think I was not in heart a true widow!"

The lady of Sir Amias was melted with sorrow when she heard these mournful exclamations, and replied,—

"Truly, madam, no one can disparage

your excellence in that respect; but"—— and she hesitated to say more.

"But what," exclaimed the widow proudly, rallying the dignity of her character, and remembering her illustrious birth; "but what? Is there aught in my circumstances that may not be freely said? What is there in my condition, beyond that of being a defenceless widow in a foreign country, to make me an object of compassion?—My own rank, and the honour due to the memory of my lord, will not permit me, Lady de Crosby, to remain one moment longer involved in this mystery. Tell me what I am entitled to as the widow of an English baron! What is due to me I expect;—what is denied of it I will exact. Heaven knows that I have abided in this house, believing myself the lawful mistress, and that I have been most grateful for the tender condolence which I have experienced; but, Lady de Crosby, if I am not here mistress, I will instantly retire; and if I

owe that to compassion which I thought was from kindness, I have considered myself as your sister too long."

The Lady de Crosby was overawed by the firmness with which this was expressed; she shrunk from the inquisition of the Lady Albertina's bright and searching glance, and was overwhelmed with inexplicable apprehensions. She was alarmed, and felt as it were an inward sense of something in which there was a foretaste of danger and of guilt.

"I cannot have offended my dearest Lady Albertina," she began to say; but the widow exclaimed,—

"I do remark, that you call me of late by my own name. I recollect at this moment, since the fatal tidings came to me of my lord, that Sir Amias has never once addressed me as the Lady of Rothelan; I have noticed an abatement of respect too in the carriage of some of the menials; I have had from time to time a strange fear upon me; and now you

speak to me as if I,—yea, and the young lord my son, were dependent upon some permission, and that a permission which his kinsmen grudged."

"Say not so,—say not so," cried the Lady de Crosby, weeping; "my heart breaks with the thought of my imprudence in having said so much."

The Lady Albertina looked at her with solemnity for some time in silence, and then added emphatically, but with an awful calmness that made the words ring upon her heart as the tolling of a funeral-bell,—

"Is there any doubt of my rights?—Is there any doubt of the rights of my son?—Lady de Crosby, is there any crime intended against our rights?—You weep, and make me no answer. Merciful Heaven! this it is to be a widow!—Yes, the inheritance of my orphan is worthy of being coveted; and he stands between your daughter,—forgive me, kind lady,—I should say the daughter of Sir Amias;—he stands

between her and a rich inheritance. But my head grows giddy,—a thousand strange things that I have remarked,—I knew not wherefore they so troubled me,—now assume a body and character that cannot be mistaken."

She would have added more, but the violence of her feelings overpowered her utterance; and, with a wild and fearful waving of both her hands, she signified to the Lady de Crosby that she desired to be alone.

CHAPTER III.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

So, when men fly the natural clime of truth,
And turn themselves loose, out of all the bounds
Of justice, and the straightway to their ends
Forsaking, to seek that which is not theirs;
The forms of all their comforts are distracted;
The riches of their freedom forfeited;
Their human noblesse shamed;—the mansions
Of their cold spirits eaten down with cares,
And all their ornaments of wit and valour,
Learning and judgment, cut from all their fruits.

THE DUKE OF BYRON.

THE chronicler proceeds to describe the great perturbation and impassioned sorrow with which the Italian lady bewailed her helpless condition, and with a felicitous tenderness,

which we should in vain endeavour to imitate, relates how she fondled and mourned over her child, and baptized him an orphan with her tears; we shall therefore draw a veil over that scene of anguish, and follow the compassionate Lady de Crosby into the presence of Sir Amias.

She found him seated in his chamber, with a number of old charters and rolls of legalities lying on the table before him. As she entered, he raised his eyes over the edge of a broad sheet of parchment which he was then reading; but seeing it was only his wife, he resumed the perusal as if no one was present, while she walked hesitatingly forward, and took a chair opposite to him, but at some distance from the table.

After having sat a short time in silence, and seemingly unheeded, her tears began to flow afresh, and her bosom to heave with painful sighs. Still Sir Amias continued to peruse the deed; but now and then he threw a hasty

glance towards her, and once or twice his colour went, and his hands trembled.

At last having read the whole writing, he laid it down, and with a visible air of embarrassment, said, as if already informed of what had passed,—

"What does she say?"

"I could not tell her what we know," replied his lady, wiping away her tears, and looking up;—"but she will never confess that she is less than Lord Edmund's widow."

"Does she say so?"

"I had not the heart to speak plainly.—Surely it is as you have said, that they were never married. But,"—

"What!" exclaimed Sir Amias eagerly, with something like an accent of alarm; and he then added, "It is not to be expected that she will not endeavour to be considered, both for her own and her son's sake, as my brother's widow. I have prepared myself for as much."

"How! Sir Amias," said his lady anxiously.—"Why have you been prepared to think she would deny your just rights? She has ever appeared very singularly high-minded, as little likely to attempt such a thing as to give up any privilege to which she is justly entitled."

"But you tell me, that she does persist in calling herself Lord Edmund's widow."

"And if she is his widow," replied the Lady de Crosby, "she will never do otherwise."

"I thought her meek and patient," said the knight, scarcely aware of what escaped from him so unguardedly.

"I pray to Heaven, Sir Amias, that you have built nothing on her meekness and patience," said the lady alarmed, starting from her seat, while he also rose.

"You do not suspect me," said he, looking aside as he spoke, "of doing her any wrong? I have been this very morning assigning to

her a provision—she could hardly have expected a more liberal one from my brother."

The Lady de Crosby knew not what answer to make to this; the momentary suspicion which had flashed across her mind was as quickly extinguished; and she resumed her seat almost unconscious of the action.

Sir Amias walked twice or thrice across the floor, and then, stopping at the table, laid his hand on the parchment which he had been reading, and said,—

"This is the deed; I hope she will not object to sign it, and then remove from this house."

"You must speak to her yourself," replied the lady; "I shall never venture again to allude to her unfortunate condition. I am afraid to do it; her spirit rises like oil thrown on fire, with the dread of being wronged. If she has, indeed, not been your brother's wife, make it plain to her that you know it is so. If she has"————

The unhappy lady could say no more; her heart struggled, and she looked at her husband with a mournful entreaty in her eyes, that shewed how much she feared, and was yet too loving a wife to express.

"She had as well submit to me at once," rejoined Sir Amias;—"I will not be trifled with."

"If what you require be right, I doubt not she will readily submit," said his lady; and she added, calmly, "I was glad, on account of our dear daughter, when you told me that your nephew could not succeed to his father's honours and possessions. But I would not, for all the honours and possessions of England, that what you then told me was not true."

Sir Amias made no answer; but, turning from the table, walked towards the bottom of the room. His lady rose, and rushing after him, caught him by the arm, exclaiming,—

"Sir Amias de Crosby, you are my hus-

band. I have to bear a part in whatever concerns your honour and prosperity; and I conjure you, by all that is just, and sacred, and honest, and true, not to question the integrity of the Lady Albertina."

Her voice faltered; there was a pause for a moment; and then he said,—

"Why should I not question her? Think you that she is less likely to do wrong than I am?"

The afflicted lady with great solemnity replied, "Yes;" and retired, bursting into tears.

Sir Amias stood as if he had been thunderstruck; he followed her with his eye, without moving his head, or any muscle or limb; his complexion became of a gangrenous yellow; his teeth protruded, as it were, with a charnel-house hideousness; his eyes assumed a glassy glare; and his whole appearance indicated the depth and extent to which that word of virtue had sounded through his spirit,

and called up the demon which instigated his guilt.

For the space of two or three minutes, the silence in the room was only broken by the rustling of a curtain, behind which the afflicted lady retired, trembling and weeping ; while Sir Amias continued standing like a statue on the spot, to which he had been rivetted by her tremendous monosyllable.

But his consternation did not last long ; rage almost immediately succeeded ; he looked for a moment around ; his form towered with some terrible resolution, and he stalked with awful strides to the place where his lady had retired. Again he threw his eye fiercely around ; he grasped her firmly by the arm, and drew her from behind the curtain.

" Gertrude," said he, in a hoarse whisper that sounded to her ear as appalling as thunder,—

She looked at him with a wild and vacant

stare of terror. He became profoundly agitated; and his purpose suddenly changing, he dropt her arm as he said, endeavouring to appear calm and collected,—

"If the poor woman is my brother's widow, no doubt she can prove it; but it would be weak of me to resign the hereditary rights of my family upon the bare pretence of any one whatever. I wish not, however, to deal harshly towards her. I expect that you will not meddle in this matter farther without my sanction. I know not how it is that we have been so agitated by a thing of such common occurrence."

The lady, while he was speaking, had recovered her self-possession, and she replied firmly, but with sadness,—

"If your own honour, Sir Amias, be satisfied, I should also be content; and if I have hastily offended you by any unjust opinion, or injurious word, I beseech you to forgive me

But let us no longer live in illusions;—inform the Lady Albertina of her condition; let her, if she is able, prove her marriage. What is your right cannot be made better, but may be blemished, by allowing it to remain in the shadow of that doubt which, I frankly confess, has chilled my heart almost to withering."

"It shall be as you request, Gertrude," replied Sir Amias, assuming a kindly accent: "it accords with my own wishes and inclinations, to treat the unfortunate lady with the utmost possible brotherly regard. We have been both to blame about her; and yet why should I say blame, when the interest you take in her misfortunes does so much honour to your heart. But, if she is so inaccessible to persuasion, of what use can it be for me to speak to her on the subject;—all that I am anxious about is, that she should quit this house; there could, then, be no harm in allowing her the innocent consolation of still

using the name of Rothelan, and calling her son what she pleased."

In this manner Sir Amias endeavoured to sooth his lady, and to remove her suspicion with respect to his honesty; but though he succeeded in quieting her emotion, the taint of distrust had vitally infected her spirit, and their mutual happiness thus perished for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

MASTER AND MAN.

—— Yet thine experience
Must know, that there are looks, and tones, and features,
Will find their way through the most stubborn breast,
And print them on the heart, though it were iron,
Felt, and forgotten never.

THE ITALIAN WIFE.

At this time, continues our author, Sir Amias de Crosby entertained in his household one Ralph Hanslap, who from the nonage of the knight had been his constant companion. In appearance he was calm and comely; and, but for a certain avolation of the eye, when looked steadily in the face, of a goodly aspect and a pleasing carriage; neither a babbler nor a boaster, but singularly

discreet in conversation ; and yet withal, there was something in his prudence which failed to gain the confidence that is the ordinary conquest of virtue. He had been with Sir Amias in the Scottish wars, and met danger with a stubborn presence; for in his valour there was more of the fortitude of endurance than the gallantry of endeavour ;—slow of speech and quick of thought,—wary in taking aim, but speedy in the blow : higher expectations were formed of his youth than manhood realized. At this period the merits of his character were all centered in a canine fidelity to his master.

When the virtuous Lady de Crosby, after what passed at the interview of which we have extracted the chief incidents in the foregoing chapter, had retired to her chamber, the knight sent for this Ralph Hanslap, who, on entering the room, walked straight towards the table at which Sir Amias had resumed his sea Scarcely, however, had he taken

three or four paces across the floor, when he halted for a moment, and glancing his eyes towards the knight, returned unbidden, with a stealthy softness in his steps, and cautiously bolted the door.

Sir Amias signified by his hand, pointing at the same time to the chair which the lady had recently left, that he wished him to be seated. Hanslap, drawing the chair closer to the table, stood however till the knight requested him to sit down.

"I have long," continued Sir Amias, without raising his eyes, "promised, as soon as it was in my power, to reward your fidelity. My brother's death enables me now to fulfil that promise."

In saying these words he looked at Hanslap, who bowed his head without making any answer.

"I find, however," resumed the knight, "that I am more hampered in my means than I had expected. Lord Edmund, during his

travels to Italy, incurred heavy debts to certain of the Lombardines; and he has squandered large sums in jewellery for this Lady Albertina:—you know she is not his wife."

"I have heard so," replied Hanslap;" and he threw a momentary glance at Sir Amias, as he repeated,—"I have heard so—since his death."

The knight paused for a short time, and then said, with his wonted easy self-possession, as if he had not heard the remark,—

"Her jewels are of great value."

"She is a lady of high birth in her own country," replied Hanslap, in a sedate and thoughtful manner.

"I am sensible of that," said the knight; "and I have here, in this deed, considered what is due to her birth; but her jewels, as she is not my brother's widow, should be delivered up to me:—they are curious and beautiful.

"Does your deed style her the widow of the Lord of Rothelan?"

" How should it?" said Sir Amias; " it was but in courtesy that I acknowledged her as his wife. Had he lived, perhaps he might have married her."

" I don't think he would," replied Hanslap significantly.

" There is no evidence of any marriage," resumed the knight.

" True; none in this country."

Still Sir Amias was none disconcerted, notwithstanding the plainness with which Hanslap thus intimated that he was perfectly aware of his insidious purpose.

" You do not imagine, were I convinced she was indeed the widow of Lord Edmund, that I would scruple to acknowledge her as such, or that I would have taken possession of his estates."

" I have served you many years," replied Hanslap, and he darted one of his sudden and shrewdest glances, which evidently discomposed his patron; but the knight soon

suppressed his emotion, and said, as if he felt not the insinuation,—

"Yes, Hanslap; you have served me long and faithfully. I need no one to remind me of your attachment, which I have resolved to reward as liberally as I can; but it is not in my power to do all that I wish to do; for Lord Edmund, I see, has greatly impoverished his inheritance. Were the Lady Albertina, however, once persuaded to accept the provision which I have here made for her and her son, and to resign her jewels"—

"Does she refuse?" interrupted Hanslap abruptly, as if tired of the circumlocution which he perhaps thought was employed very unnecessarily with him.

"I have not yet applied to her. I sent for you to put the business into your hands. I would avoid any difference with her, for I respect her rank, and pity her misfortunes."

Hanslap looked down and abashed, when he heard the knight thus commending his own

diffidence and delicacy; but in an instant he said briskly,—

"What do you desire then that I should do?"

"You can persuade her to accept of the provision in this deed."

"Is it made out for her as the Lady Albertina?"

"It is."

Hanslap for some time making no reply, Sir Amias added, "You doubt if she will consent?"

"I do."

"But perhaps you may obtain the jewels for me."

His voice failed him; but Hanslap rising, said—

"Your game is to get hold of them undoubtedly; for with the value of her casket she will buy justice.—Yes, we must get hold of the jewels."

The freedom with which this was uttered,

instead of disconcerting Sir Amias, seemed to relieve him from a considerable degree of embarrassment; and he said, as if all farther equivocation were needless between them,—

"It would certainly be exceedingly hard to be stripped of my inheritance; and, no doubt, it is in the woman's power to plague me. Will you undertake to obtain the jewels?"

"Has she yet any idea that you have made yourself the heir of Lord Edmund?" said Hanslap.

"I believe she has now some suspicion," replied the knight, "for Lady de Crosby lately spoke with her on the subject."

"I am very sorry for that."

"Why?"

"It may oblige us to take the jewels unknown to her."

Sir Amias had not entirely prepared himself for a theft. He could cheat the widow and her son of their honours and their inheritance, but the suggestion to steal a

casket affected his pride, and he said coolly,—"You talk loosely. Why should we have recourse to any such unworthy expedient?"

"We must not stand on trifles," replied Hanslap firmly.

"But," said Sir Amias, resuming his wonted cordiality, "perhaps the lady may not prove so obstinate as you seem to apprehend."

"She will be firm," replied Hanslap emphatically.

"You surprise me. Lady de Crosby seems to apprehend the same thing. I have always thought her a pliant and sensitive creature."

"Have you?" said Hanslap inquisitively.

The knight resumed, "I had no idea before to-day that she was likely to make any great resistance."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hanslap; "and yet you stand so in awe of her."

Sir Amias turned on his heel, to conceal

the chagrin he felt at this observation, which was expressed with an accent that implied some consciousness of equality.

"In verity, Sir Amias," continued the other, "if you expect to keep what you have taken, you must not hesitate to sin a little more."

The knight turned round, as if he had felt himself ashamed to be so addressed.

"It must be so," added Hanslap firmly.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Sir Amias, with the tremulous accent of alarm.

"I have served you long and faithfully, as you have yourself just now acknowledged."

The knight respired more freely; and instantly replied,—

"I crave your pardon, Hanslap; but I am sincere in what I have said. You have been hitherto but as a servant; you are now my friend."

In saying this, he stretched out his hand, which Hanslap slightly, and for a moment, took hold of; and then it was soon arranged

between them, that the jewels should be obtained, both to satisfy Sir Amias, who had a taste for such toys, and to deprive the defenceless stranger of the only means she possessed to resist the machination that was intended to consign her to poverty and dishonour.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONFESSOR.

And see ye not that I am here forlorn
In this dread wilderness of busy men ?—
The drifting bark that's from her anchor torn,
Or the poor hare, rous'd from her grassy den
By the loud-echoing din of hound and horn,
Amidst the tumult of the hunters' morn,
Is not more friendless.

THE STRANGER.

WHILE Ralph Hanslap and his worthy patron were thus discoursing and conspiring together, the Lady Albertina, as we shall continue to call her, according to the usage of the beautiful Book, had sent for an Italian friar, Padre Giovanni, who was her confessor, and who had come with her into England.

This monk it described as a simple and honest man; gentle in manners, delicate in feeling, tender-hearted, mild in temper, and of a heavenly holiness in his piety. He was, moreover, an aged man, originally tall of stature, and of a dark complexion; but although time had bleached his flowing beard into hoariness, yet were his eyes still full of a soft and calm intelligence, as if his meek spirit looked out with compassion on the frailties and sorrows of this world; and his head was bent forward in so gracious a manner, that it seemed more from the habitude of stooping to assist the feeble, or to console the comfortless, than occasioned by the burden of many years.

But this amiable ecclesiastic, so benignant and interesting in his appearance, and in his life of such a saintly purity, appears in the sequel to have been somewhat deficient in firmness. He either set so little value on temporal concerns, as not to deem them wor-

thy of the controversies requisite to attain and to preserve them; or, what is more probable, there was some alloy of weakness in his gentleness that lessened its value as a virtue.

When he came into the presence of the Lady, says the manuscript, he found her weeping very bitterly, and there was salt as well as sorrow in her tears. She was proud against the wrongs and the indignities with which she was menaced; but the fears of feminine feebleness, and a sense of the truth, that she was defenceless in a strange land, often witheringly weakened the noble arrogance that encouraged her to defy and resist her oppressor.

Padre Giovanni sat for some time in silence: he saw that her spirit was vehemently borne away from the anchorage of hope, and was drifting and tossed amidst the darkness and dangers of despair and alarm. But after he had for a while listened to the bravery of her resolutions, and pitied her ejaculations of

apprehension, he began to insinuate his entreaties to remember that this world was one entire disappointment, and its pleasures and precious things not endowed with more permanency than the reflection of the light that sparkles from the surface of the cold chrysolite.

"I am not complaining of disappointment," said she, "I have not found that my lost happiness was so poor a thing: No; these tears are witnesses to the value with which I esteemed it, and my heart is a record that what I enjoyed was as permanent as itself. I know not what you would call everlasting, if that which I feel to be a portion of my nature,—which I believe to be immortal—is not imperishable? Speak not, therefore, to me of disappointment! Tell me but of the things which bad men do: No; rather, what good men dare to do. My language is bankrupt—speak but of the kindness of those sweet, soothing—all tender,—oh!—oh!-—

friends, kinsmen, brothers,—and such a brother too!"

The Confessor made no answer; he had touched the key of a jangling string, and he wisely resolved to let the anguish of the discord subside.

"Do you know what I am?" resumed the lady, after walking some time to and fro across the room. "Is there a purer nobility in all Italy than that of my father's house? Was there, in any time among any people, a lady of more excellence than my mother? I was myself, when I came into this country, a creature of unspotted virtue! My husband was a man of such honour that he would never have suffered any question to have been breathed upon his integrity; and yet, notwithstanding the nobility of my father, the virtues of my mother, my own purity, and the light and lustre of that high and honourable man's truth, my husband, Edmund, Lord of Rothelan,—my son will be

called a bastard—Mother of Christ! surely it shall never be."

When the reverend Father heard her speak in this manner, he too became agitated, and inquired, with an eager and an anxious voice, what she meant; beseeching her at the same time to repress her emotion.

"We make," said he, "the ills of life worse than they would be, by not treating them as they are, the natural issues of our condition in this world. The shafts of adversity are always sharp, and often cruel; but it is our own contortions under the wound that makes the barb rankle deeper and deeper into the quick. If there be in your misfortunes, Lady, any jeopardy that a friend may help you to overpass, I pray you to calm, by all available endeavour, the vehemence of your feelings, and let us take counsel together."

The lady made him no answer, but continued to pace the chamber. Sometimes her

steps were firm and stately, and the floor resounded with the pride of her tread; at others they were short and quick, and pattering; and now and then she paused, and wildly cast her hands, as it were, reproachfully to the heavens. This perturbation, however, at last gradually began to lessen; her steps became more equal; her pale and impassioned countenance took its wonted complexion; and, instead of the distraction with which, from time to time, her arms were so wofully tossed, she folded her hands together, and, without any seeming effort at composure, calmly sat down. She then explained to him what had passed between her and the Lady de Crosby, and described many circumstances which she had observed in the conduct of Sir Amias, all tending to make her fear that some great wrong was meditated against her rights and those of her son.

"I have a wild persuasion," said she, "that Sir Amias has not only determined

to ruin our fortunes, but to stain my honour and cut off the inheritance of my child; and what can I do to resist him?"

"You can but trust to the help of Heaven," replied the Confessor; "for Sir Amias is a great and powerful man, and his character stands so strong in the good opinion of the world, that"——

"Ah! there it is," exclaimed the forlorn widow, relapsing into the passion of her grief. "It is that which will make his guilt towards me incredible. But I have not sent for you to listen to lamentations, though you must bear a little yet with my infirmities."

"I need no story;" rejoined Padre Giovanni; "if there is any way by which I can serve you, in all things I abide your commands."

"I know not," resumed the lady more calmly, "if I am in a state to comprehend my situation properly. But I find myself in need of friends. I will never submit to

Sir Amias. I may not, however, live long, and I would preserve the rights of my son.—Alas, father! you are old, and cannot now endure much fatigue."

"God will give me strength for any service that his providence requires of me to undertake," replied the Friar, devoutly crossing himself.

"But Florence is far off," said the lady.

"I would go to the end of the earth to serve you."

"At your age I may not hope you could bear the hardships of a journey to Italy."

"Nor is it needful I should; letters can inform your family of the perils that beset you."

"But I would go thither myself, and carry my son with me. I would leave Sir Amias in the free possession of all that he is plotting to take from us till I can return upon him like an avenger, armed with such evidences of

our rights as neither his power nor his character shall be sufficient to withstand. Were it not for your age I would beseech you to be my companion in the journey, for I have no other friend in this cold foreign land."

"You have Heaven every where," replied the friar. "Is not the all-embracing concave of the skies the type and testimony of universal Providence?"

"It covers Sir Amias too, and permits him to wrong me! Oh! holy father, is Providence not responsible to Justice?"

"These are fearful words, Lady Albertina."

"I am not Lady Albertina, I am the widow of Lord Edmund of Rothelan. I will be called by no other name."

The gentle friar, compassionating the anguish of her grieved and chafed spirit, suspended the rebuke for the profane error into which she had been thrown by the irreverence

of passion; and told her, in his mildest and kindest manner, that old as he was he would willingly go with her to Italy.

"But," said she, "I know not where to find money for the journey. I will sooner put fire in my bosom than accept a merk from Sir Amias. I have, however, jewels—you can sell them."

And in saying these words she went and brought a casket, and delivered it to the friar, who soon after retired with it under his cloak to find a purchaser.

CHAPTER VI.

THE JEW'S HOUSE.

Look forth and see what stranger seeks admission.—
I guess it is a stranger by the knocking.

NEW PLAY.

As it is an understood thing that the Jews must be converted to Christianity before the world is destroyed, we submit to the consideration of mankind whether all schemes and associations, having for their object the conversion of that stiff-necked people, ought not to be deprecated as being of a tendency to hasten on the end of the world. How far this is a desirable consummation, every man may determine by the state of his own business and

bosom. However, we must not enlarge here on that important topic, lest we subject ourselves, in the opinion of some of the learned and logical, to a charge of making irrelevant digressions, farther than by observing, that this truth has been suggested by comparing the effects of the philanthropic anxiety of these times for the souls' health of the Jews with the condition and character of one Adonijah, a money-scrivener, in those of which we are treating.

This man, as The Book sets forth, being honest and fair to deal with, considering that he was an Hebrew Jew, seldom taking his bonds for more than double the amount of the advances, with the customary agio and lawful interest thereon, was much resorted to by the galliards of the Court. He seems, indeed, considering that he lived in the dark age of Edward the Third, to have been a very liberal and conscientious usurer; for, in the enlighten-

ed times of George of the same number, we had a friend who, by more than one highly honourable Christian, was sometimes charged to the extent of thirteen shillings and eight-pence on the pound. But to our tale.

To this Adonijah Padre Giovanni resolved to offer the jewels. He had heard of him, as a country parson in these days hears of the Atlas of empires, and he concluded, that as his wealth was said to be boundless, so must he himself be the more likely to give the best price for the gems,—never, in the simplicity of his heart, recollecting that the richer the merchant, the more hard he is to deal with. Political economy, however, was not then invented, though, ever since the trafficking between Eve and the Nekash, which, by the way, certain erudites have lately discovered was no serpent but a monkey, it has been a maxim of universal usage, that what her children do not want they must be

tempted to buy, especially when the article offered is in the hands of those who must sell.

Accordingly, with the casket under his cloak, Padre Giovanni walked from Crosby-house into Cornhill, where he inquired for the residence of the Jew at a venerable dame, whom he saw spinning with a distaff under the penthouse of a huxtry shop.—In those days there were no glass windows in the shops of London, and the architecture of the houses rose in successive tiers of curiously carved projections, that made the front of every house appear something like the stern of a modern ship of the line The old lady was the wife of an alderman; her worshipful husband was at the time exercising his municipal functions at the Guildhall. They had an apprentice whom she would have sent with the friar, but he too was absent on an errand to the King's purveyor, to let him know that they—(their wives then were the only copartners of the London merchants,) had

imported a box of comfits, which, as in duty bound, before offering to common sale, they first tendered for his Majesty's use. Happy days! harmless, honest, primitive Londoners! Shutting the shop-door behind her, and still carrying the distaff in her arms, she guided the friar to the house of Adonijah.

Padre Giovanni having tapped at the door, it was opened by a young man, who, having eyed him sharply, replied to his inquiry, that he was not sure if Adonijah was at home,—for the friar's garb was no recommendation to procure admission into the sanctuary of a Jew.

"What is it you want?" said a shrill and shrewish voice from within; and in the same moment the door of a room was half opened, and a yellow and haggard old woman looked out.

"I would speak with Master Adonijah," replied the confessor, "concerning certain

trinkets which I have here for sale, or pawn, as we may agree in compact."

The old woman withdrew; and after a short interval again looked out, and invited the friar to come forward, ordering at the same time her son, Josbekashah by name, to shut and fasten the door.

The room which Padre Giovanni entered was dark and mean; a curtain suspended from a cord divided it into two apartments, and the furniture of the outer consisted but of a table before the window and two stools. On the table lay several small slips of paper and parchment, seemingly parings cut from the margins of deeds and writings, and a brazen inkhorn, with a pen, which apparently, by the ink in it, had been just laid down.

Josbekashah brought one of the stools from the corner where it stood, and his mother having wiped the dust from it with the skirt of her gown, requested the friar to be seated.

She then went behind the curtain, and soon after the sound of a door opening was heard, then a few sentences softly whispered, and presently Adonijah himself came from behind the curtain, stooping as he lifted it to come forth.

He was a man considerably advanced in years, evidently, however, younger than his wife. His figure was corpulently heavy; his physiognomy indicated a disposition for the luxuries of the table; and though his features were coarse and vulgar, there was yet withal a general cast of good nature, even of heartiness, in his countenance, and the intellectual intelligence of his eye shone out with such redeeming purity, that after seeing the first glance of it, no one ever thought a second time of the signs of grosser nature that hung as it were in the folds and drapery of his cheeks: in a word, he was a character singularly shrewd, naturally just, made generous by

prosperity, and altogether possessing many virtues, not unworthy of his great good fortune.

He took his seat on the other stool, and, waving his hand for his wife and son to retire, he leant his elbow on the table, and addressed himself to the friar.

CHAPTER VII.

THE JEW.

> How am I bound to you ?—Nay ; it is so :
> There is no compact nor propinquity
> To give you license to expect my help.
>
> THE CONJURER.

"And you wish to sell me jewels," said Adonijah,—"what have I to do with jewels? Here is no place to wear jewels ;—my wife is a household woman and no lady ;—jewels cost monies, and I am a poor man."

While he was thus speaking, he gradually, as if heedlessly, drew the casket towards him, and without looking at it, unclasped the spring by which the lid was fastened, and opened it.

Padre Giovanni sat in silence, doubtfully listening to the denial of wealth, and now and then glancing his eyes round the mean chamber, which seemed, in all its circumstances, to bear the perfectest testimony to the truth of the master's plea of poverty.

Adonijah having now opened the casket, paddled, as it were unconsciously, with his fingers on the gems; then, as if in accident, allowed his eyes to fall carelessly on them; after another short interval, he began to look at them more and more earnestly, lifting the trinkets one by one for closer inspection. When he had thus satisfied himself, he turned to Padre Giovanni, who was narrowly and anxiously waiting the scrutiny, and said emphatically,—

"My good friend, when I had no beard, I was a lapidary, and I have seen jewels,—I have seen the jewels of the King of Navarre, —I have seen the jewels of the Count of

Hainault,—I have seen the jewels of the French King,—and I have seen the jewels of many grand lords. They were jewels to teach a young man what are jewels. But, my very good friend, you will say no more to me that you came to sell jewels, if these be the jewels that you have come to sell. They are worth nothing,—that is a bit of green glass, and you call this a ruby. Ah! this world is full of rogues. It is, by the blessing of Jacob, but an artifice of alchemy; and that rope of pearls, to be sure, I will not say they are no pearls, but this I will say, and it is truth, they are all blue, not one is orient; and what do I see? You will not call this gold.—Your jewels are all trash.—I will not buy them for jewels."

The simple ecclesiastic was a good deal disconcerted by the contemptuous manner in which Adonijah spoke of the gems, and pushed away the casket from him.

"They were thought," said he, "to have been all true stones and of great value. What shall we do?"

"I will tell you," replied Adonijah, "what you will do. There is no men in this town of London that will buy these jewels: my good friend, they are not jewels at all."

Padre Giovanni drew the box towards him, and opening the lid, looked at it earnestly for some time. "They may be false," said he, with a sigh," but they are very bright and beautiful."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the Hebrew Jew, "do you call such things beautiful?—I am beautiful!—you are beautiful!—this is a very beautiful house. What do you call beautiful?" And again he took hold of the open casket. "Now, look you here, I will shew you"—

"I have no skill in such things," interrupted the friar; and I dare say your opinion of them may be very just."

"I am an honest man," said Adonijah, spreading his arms, and throwing himself back, looking Padre Goivanni at the same time in the face, then composing himself into a more business-like attitude, he added, "I do not desire to buy your jewels, for I have no monies to buy jewels; but if you must have monies for them"—

"Indeed," said the friar, "the lady who is anxious to dispose of them cannot do without the money. These wars!"

"Ah! these wars,—these wars," said the Jew condolingly,—"men will fight,—they will be taken prisoners,—and ransoms must be paid for them. If I had a hundred monies more than is in all my nation, there are jewels to sell for ransoms. Look at this letter."

And he took a letter from out the bosom-pocket of his gaberdine.

"This is from my brother, who is in Ghent. He says, there are such jewels in Ghent.—Po! yours are as the pebble-stones

on the sea-shore to the jewels that may be bought in Ghent; and for no price at all. I I do not want your jewels,—if I had the monies I could send to my brother in Ghent."

Padre Giovanni had not another word to say; he took up the casket, and, placing it under his cloak, rose disconsolately to retire; Adonijah also rose.

"If you will have the monies," said the Jew, "there is a friend of mine, a very honest man. You go to him. You tell him I have no monies to buy jewels.—No! stop: I will do you a kind thing. I will send my son Josbekashah to him,—he lives hard by,—he will come here, and perhaps he will give monies for your jewels in charity, for he is a very honest man."

Padre Giovanni was somewhat comforted on hearing this, and resumed his seat, while Adonijah clapping his hands thriçe, Josbekashah came from behind the curtain.

"Go," said his father, "to Shebak, your

uncle, and bid him come here with monies in his purse, to buy jewels, for I would oblige this very good man that has brought some to sell, and not let him go away without monies."

Josbekashah did as his father desired, and Adonijah, again taking his seat, began to advert to the wars, saying,—

"This world is full of the wicked men that make wars, and the mothers and the little childrens are put into much misery. But you are tired and sad,—have you come a great way off with your jewels?"

"Not far," replied the guileless priest; "but from Bishopsgate."

"Let me see," said the Jew, touching his forehead thoughtfully; "one of the lords killed in the wars lived in that street."

"Yes," replied the friar, "Lord Edmund of Rothelan."

"Then there is no ransom wanted for him,—that is a good thing for his family,—a very good thing," said Adonijah.

"But nevertheless," rejoined the friar sorrowfully, "it has been an irreparable misfortune to his lady. It is to provide the means to carry her to Italy that I have brought her jewels here."

"Is she then so poor? It is a great guilt to be poor in this world; but I am myself a very poor man, and you see what poverties are in this house. But why will she go to Italy? She will drop all the monies on the road, if she goes to Italy."

"Perhaps," said the friar, "you do not know that she is of that country. She intends to return to her family for——"

The artless ecclesiastic perceived that he had been more communicative to a stranger than was prudent, and suddenly checked himself. Adonijah, however, had discerned by his manner that something troubled his mind; and his knowledge of the world taught him, that there must be some peculiar cause to make the lady of so great a baron as the

Lord of Rothelan sell her jewels. Accordingly, under this impression, he said adroitly, but with a sympathetic accent—

"Ah! poor lady; when her lord was killed, then she lost all her friends?"

Padre Giovanni's heart was touched with this unexpected commiseration in the Jew, and forgot, as indeed he had done throughout the whole interview, that Adonijah was any thing else than a man.

"Yes," said he; "what you observe is just; she hath not met with that kindness in Sir Amias——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Adonijah, interrupting him, "I know that Sir Amias,—he is not bad enough for a Christian man!"

"How?" cried the friar, somewhat surprised.

Adonijah, who had only for a moment forgot himself, immediately endeavoured to explain away the insinuation; but Padre Giovanni said, pensively, that he did fear Sir

Amias was not the kind of man that the suavity of his manners led strangers to expect.

While they were conversing in this desultory manner, a knocking was heard at the door, and the Jew, calling his wife from behind the curtain, desired her to see who was there; at the same time taking up the casket, he gave it, with a significant look, to the friar, who hastily concealed it under his cloak. It was fortunate perhaps that he did so, for the person who knocked at the door was no other than Ralph Hanslap.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BARGAIN.

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

THE Book of Beauty abounds in observations and lessons on life, and at this crisis of the story the author, before describing the object of Ralph Hanslap's visit to the Jew, falls into some reflections on the manifest unfitness of the friar for the agency he had undertaken—remarking that it is only either great or singular men who ever decline trusts from a consciousness of unfitness. This aphorism

may be just—we think it is; but the rule which he proceeds to lay down for determining the fitness and characters of men, with reference to their condition, is perhaps more curious than well-founded: he says—It may be prophesied whether the fortunes of any man are destined to wax or wane, by noting well how far he appears to be in his proper rank and natural element of business. If there be that about a man, upon questioning your judgment concerning him, which would warrant you to pronounce that he is in a lower or a higher sphere than his manners, endowments, and qualities would seem to entitle him to hold, then may you assuredly tell whether a good or evil planet is lord of the ascendant in his horoscope. The rule, however, must not be applied too ingeniously; for prosperity should not always be measured by the tide of riches, nor adversity by the ebbing, but rather by what is congenial to a man's nature and habits; for in this world there are

so many fences and fosses, artificially devised, to constrain the natural current and mutations of wealth, that a man may, in sentiment and spirit, be exceedingly happy with his fortunes, and yet in outward seeming and circumstance be altogether humbled to the provocation of pity.

After some other reflections in the same strain he resumes the narrative, by stating, that as soon as Padre Giovanni heard the voice of Ralph Hanslap at the door, he was moved and alarmed to so visible a degree, that Adonijah remarking his emotion, requested him to retire behind the curtain,—which he accordingly did before the other was admitted.

When Ralph entered the room, Adonijah was apparently engaged in noting figures on one of the bits of paper which were lying on the table before him. It was, however, but the number of the year, and, Hebrew Jew as he was, it would seem that he dated from the

Christian era, for "The Book" states, that these were the figures which he noted,

"Sir Amias desires to see you, Adonijah," said Ralph.

The Jew raised his eye, and replied—"Ah! and how is my very good friend Sir Amias? —I will come to him very soon—but I have the calculation to make—you go away, and you tell him I will come."

"You must come with me," said Ralph; "I was ordered to fetch you immediately."

"How! is that possible?—I cannot go—you see my calculations—I cannot go."

"I will wait till you have done," replied the messenger, at the same time taking the seat which the friar had left.

"My good friend," said Adonijah, after a brief pause,—"my very good friend, you will go to Sir Amias, and tell him that I must wait for my brother Shebak."

"He is with the knight," replied Ralph;

"he has jewels to sell, and Sir Amias wants money."

"But I have no monies," replied the Jew.

Not, however, to relate here all that passed between them, as it was not very interesting, we should explain, that Shebak, on receiving the message by Josbekashah, having heard that Sir Amias had so lately succeeded to the estate and domains of his brother, naturally thought that he might possibly be inclined to increase the stock of his ornaments, especially as he knew that the knight was a jewel-fancier; for even in those days there were elderly gentlemen who delighted in the possession of gauds and toys. But Sir Amias, like every other who has any taste for curiosities, had seldom much spare cash; and, in consequence, before giving Shebak an answer, he wished to know if Adonijah would assist him with a loan. Adonijah, however, had, for obvious reasons, it would seem, no inclination to do so at that particular time; perhaps he may

have suspected, that the very jewels his brother had proposed to the knight to purchase, were the indentical gems, still unbought, in the friar's possession. It was even so;—the Hebrew brothers understood the respective modes of each other's dealing. Shebak, before embarking in the purchase, was anxious to know where he might find an immediate purchaser,—and Adonijah thought that Sir Amias, however much inclined he might be to buy, was not exactly the fit person to whom the jewels, at least in the same setting, should be offered for sale. Accordingly, he was so decided in his refusal to accompany Ralph Hanslap, and in his protestations of poverty, that Ralph, after remonstrating with him for some time, at last went away by himself, and the friar returned from behind the curtain.

"Every one in the world thinks that I do nothing but make monies myself," said Adonijah to him; and then adverting to what had

passed with the knight's messenger, because he was aware it had all been overheard, he added,—"But how is it, my good friend, that the lady will not sell her jewels to Sir Amias? He would give her many monies more than the merchant or the lapidary. He has been told they are true jewels, and they are of his family."

"In sooth," replied the friar, "she wishes to raise the money unknown to Sir Amias, who hath of late cruelly treated her."

"How is that! it cannot be as you say,—but he is a man of glass, very, very smooth, always the same,—such men do cruelties as if they were sweet favours."

The voice of Adonijah, in the latter clause of the sentence, sank into softness, and he remained for a short time thoughtful; then he suddenly clapped his hands thrice; at which Leah his wife, lifting the curtain, looked out to know what was wanted.

"Bring the cups and a flask of wine," said

he; "this good man is a stranger, and he shall drink of my wine," said the Jew.

Padre Giovanni would have declined this hospitality; but the Jew, without speaking, quietly motioned with his hand to say nothing; and, till Leah had placed the wickered flask on the table, and two small maple cups, they both remained silent.

"I have seen the lady that has the jewels to sell," said Adonijah, as he poured out the wine; "she was all over loveliness; and I said, God has taken many pains to make that delicious creature; but when I looked at her, so young, and so like the lily that is so fragile, my heart grew sad; for the hands of this world are as the hands of the bondman that labours all day in the vineyard, and if they are laid rudely on her surely she will perish. I am very heavy that she has had such cruelties."

The gentle friar, delighted to hear the Jew speak with so much sympathy and benevo-

lence, immediately began to enumerate the graces and virtues which adorned the character of the Lady Albertina, and concluded by remarking, that the dignity of her spirit was worthy of her exceeding beauty. In fine, after some farther conversation, in the course of which Adonijah drew from the unguarded and simple ecclesiastic the main facts in the unhappy case of the friendless widow, he reverted to the casket; and again undervaluing the jewels, at last said, that he would only give the little money he had in the house for them,—which, though not more than a tenth part of their worth, was so much above what Padre Giovanni expected, after the manner Adonijah had spoken of them, that he readily accepted the offer.

CHAPTER IX.

THE TREASURY.

Lystenth all, and ze will hear
How the wyse man taght his son;
Take gode tent to thys mastere,
And fond to lere yf the con.

HARLEIAN LIBRARY, No 1596.

WHEN the monk had retired with the money, Adonijah took the casket and went behind the curtain, where Leah his wife was sitting, and opening what appeared to be an old wardrobe, touched a secret spring in the inside. and pushing in the back of the wardrobe, with its pegs and the apparel hanging on them, went forward through the opening into a handsome apartment sumptuously furnished, the windows of which were glazed

with a mosaic of stained glass, to prevent the interior from being seen from without. To such secret retreats were the persecuted Israelites in those days obliged to resort for the occasional enjoyment of their riches. In these our own times, they banquet ministers of state, and ambassadors, and princes, on services of gold.

The floor of this chamber was covered with Levantine felt, of a gaudy pattern,—whether it was what is now called a Persian or a Turkey carpet antiquaries may determine, we merely note it as a luxury peculiar to the esoteric household economy of a Jew, whose kindred and correspondence reached to Constantinople, then still in the possession of the Greek emperors.

Adonijah raised the carpet, and treading on a particular point in the pannelled wainscoat floor, caused a trap-door to open, through which he descended into a vault, where seve-al rich articles stood on shelves and lay scat-

tered on the floor. This vault was the vestibule to the treasury of Adonijah. In the centre of the floor of it was another secret door, which opened in the same manner as the one above, and in this lay the horde of his riches,—into which it would seem as if old Massinger had peeped for the following description in THE CITY MADAM:

"In bye-corners of
This sacred room, silver in bags, heap'd up
Like billets saw'd and ready for the fire,
Unworthy to hold fellowship with bright gold,
That flow'd about the room, conceal'd itself.
There needs no artificial light, the splendour
Makes a perpetual day there. Night and darkness
By that still burning lamp for ever banish'd.
But when guided by that, my eyes had made
Discovery of the caskets, and they open'd,
Each sparkling diamond from itself shot full
A pyramid of flames, and in the roof
Fix'd it a glorious star, and made the place
Heaven's abstract or epitome; rubies—sapphires,
And ropes of orient pearl, there I saw; I could not

But look on gold with contempt ;—and yet I found,
What weak credulity could have no faith in,
A treasure far exceeding these ;—here lay
A manor bound fast in a skin of parchment,
The wax continuing hard, the acres melting ;
Here a sure deed of gift for a market-town,
If not redeem'd this day, which is not in
The unthrift's power. There being scarce one shire
In Wales or England, where my monies are not
Lent out at usury, the certain hook
To draw more in."

Having deposited the casket in his treasury, Adonijah, after carefully shutting the different doors, returned to the outer room, where his wife was sitting, and found Shebak and his son waiting for him.

" I have bought," said Adonijah, " the jewels; but they are not good jewels. The poor man was so very much in want of the monies for the lady who would sell them, that I was constrained to buy his jewels."

" Aye," said Shebak, a lean and yellow wretch, with a beak like an owl and eyes like

a hawk, "you will be always melting to charities and to Christians!—that will never do. Will they be charitable to you when all your monies are gone away?"

Adonijah gave a stamp with his foot to check Shebak, saying angrily—

"Speakest thou as a master to me! Did not I lift thee, as with the tongs, from out of the midst of the doleful creatures that live in desolate places? Did I not cleanse thee, as with hyssop and myrrh, and teach thee to make monies, thou crawling thing? Am I, a man and a brother, to be reviled—and by thee? But why am I wroth with that which I should but spit upon?"

Shebak durst not farther reply than by remarking,—"Be it as you say—the monies were your's—and as you have bought, so will your gains be when you sell. But I have found a customer in Sir Amias de Crosby; if you will lend him monies he will buy; and he is come to great inheritances."

"I will lend him no monies," replied Adonijah gravely, "for he has come to no inheritances. He is a man of frauds,—and I will bring him to jeopardies and punishments, for he mocks me with soft answers when I ask for my debts."

He then related what Padre Giovanni had told him, explaining, by his own natural sagacity, what he conceived to be the probable fact of the case; namely, that Sir Amias, presuming on the difficulties which opposed the proof of the marriage of his brother with the Italian lady, had determined to deprive both her and her child of their lawful rights.

"Now, brother Shebak," said he, "see you not how this may be worked to make monies. This poor lady has no friends,—her rights will be taken from her:—But I will be her friend."

Shebak, not discerning very clearly in what manner befriending a pennyless widow was likely to make monies, remained silent, to al-

low his brother to explain this new alchemy. But at that time Adonijah ended the subject, by inquiring respecting other concerns in which they were mutually engaged; and Shebak having satisfied him, said—

"And are the jewels indeed not worth more than the monies you have given for them?"

"They are worth more," replied Adonijah; "but you shall see and judge."

He then rose and went into the inner chamber, and descended into the vault, but not into his secret treasury, and brought out another casket of gems, far, however, inferior in value to that which he had purchased from Padre Giovanni. These he showed to Shebak, and told him the price he had paid.

Shebak examined them with a sharp and poring eye. "They are very dear," said he, after he had finished his invidious inspection; "but they will bring monies. I will take them to Sir Amias."

"You may do so, Shebak; but he shall have no more monies from me; for if it be true what I have heard, he is a beggar thief, and will never be able to pay the debts he has already made with me, if I deal not wisely with him. Take you to him the jewels—and he may borrow monies to buy from Bunni, and Azzad, and Bigvai, or Anathoth, or whomsoever will lend unto him, believing he is a man of rich inheritances; and when he has these jewels, then shall we take our monies of him again."

Shebak, as the contempt with which his brother treated him manifestly showed, was one of those bondman-spirits that Providence from time to time creates with a special cunning, which fits them to execute adroitly the purposes of a better race. He did not very clearly discern in what manner Adonijah intended to proceed with the knight; but, as on other occasions he had seen the advantages of the mysteries of his management, he,

without farther question, took the casket, and carried it to Crosby-house, where, after some time spent in negotiation, Sir Amias agreed to purchase the jewels at a satisfactory price, Shebak undertaking to raise the money for him, on equitable terms, among some of those whom Adonijah had named, assuring Sir Amias that his brother was quite impoverished, and had no monies whatever to lend.

The bargain being struck, the bonds executed, the money paid, and the jewels delivered, Shebak returned to Adonijah, and informed him of the result.

" Very well," was the reply ; " thou hast done well, Shebak ; and now I will be the friend of the lovely lady ; and thou shalt see how good a thing it is to make monies with a smooth and gentle hand. For I hold it not wise in us and our brethren always to keep open the wound in the heart, which hath been the heritage of Israel ever since the bondage of our fathers in the land of Egypt. I speak this

to thee, Shebak, my brother, before my son there, Josbekashah, and Leah his mother, to the end that all may know I am not, as the screw-press of the coiner, made but for making money; nor as the crucible of Raymond Lully, an ovary of the elements that he hatches into gold."

"I will not controvert, brother Adonijah," replied Shebak, "whatsoever it pleaseth thee to do, for thou hast had a wondrous good fortune in all thy dealings."

Adonijah looked at him for a moment with scorn, and, turning to his son, said—

"Heed not his counsels. He hath been formed of the dross and refuse whereof God makes servile men. Thou unclean thing, dost thou talk to me of good fortune as if it were any alloy to merit. Is it not a quality of a man, and belonging to his character, as much as doth the beauty of his countenance and the endowment of a melodious voice? Josbekashah, my son, as thy years increase, I

pray thee note well, (but the power to do so is itself a gift,) ever to choose thy friends and companions from among those on whom Heaven hath bestowed that felicity of nature which, in the accidents of men, is called good fortune. It is a beauty and a grace, as immediately from God as the blooming cheek and the happy eye."

CHAPTER X.

MUCH ADO.

The merchant had a full gode wyfe,
Sche louyd hym trewly as her lyfe,
What that ewyr he to her sayde
Euyr she helde her wele assayde.

How a Merchande dyd his Wyfe betray.

In the meanwhile the confessor, it appears, had returned to the lady with the money, and was directed by her to go in quest of a vessel by which they might pass over to France. But as the day was then far spent, and it was necessary for him to be at the priory of St Bartholomew's in Smithfield, where he resided, in time for vespers, they agreed he should not again return to Crosby-house

that evening, unless he found a vessel on the very eve of departure.

There was no precaution for concealment in this arrangement, but merely a simple acquiëscence with the ordinary circumstances and duties of the day, and yet the second visit of the friar had attracted the notice of the household; and being incidentally mentioned to Sir Amias, he was taught, by the instinct of his own deceitfulness, to suspect that some machination was afoot. Accordingly, as the chronicler says, he summoned Ralph Hanslap, and having told him somewhat of the apprehension by which he was disturbed, bade him watch the friar, and track his doublings, as it were with both scent and sight.

There was nothing more concordant to the canine nature of that knave, than an office of this kind.—His delight was in stratagems.—He had more inward satisfaction in the performance of a task that required the sleights

of duplicity, than in the open, easy trade of plain-dealing. So, being thus missioned, soon after Padre Giovanni left the house, he was at his heels, and followed him to the river-side, where the vessels trading with France and the Low Countries usually lay. It did not however suit the purposes of his espial, that he should seem too eager in his vigilance; accordingly, when he discerned that the friar was in search of a ship, he retired aloof, but kept his eyes upon him till he saw him engaged with the skipper of an Antwerper that was lading woolpacks and other commodities for Dieppe, in Normandy.

When the friar had talked some time with that man, he took out a small piece of money and spit upon it, and then gave it to the skipper, by which Ralph Hanslap guessed they had made a bargain, the delivery of the money, and the ceremony with which it was accompanied, indicating that it was the cement of a compact, and a token of the friar's hope

and ejaculation that it might prove prosperous to them both.

After the agreement had been thus concluded, Ralph, allowing the friar to return homeward, went to the skipper, and inquired to what part his vessel was destined. Being answered as to that, he then spoke as if he had himself business in Normandy, and began to ask when the bark would be ready to sail, and if the skipper was minded to take passengers.

"I can take no more than I have already bargained for," was the answer.

"Then you have a number of passengers?"

"Not many; but a friar has just been with me, and he has bespoken all our cabin."

"Not surely for himself.—What can he want with all the cabin?"

"No, not for himself, for a lady and a maiden-servant, and a child besides. They do not wish to be molested with strangers,

and he pays me largely for the entire freedom of the vessel."

Ralph Hanslap inquired no farther; but, after sauntering about for some time as if looking for another ship, he returned home, and informed his master of what he had heard.

"There can be no doubt," said Sir Amias, "that the Lady Albertina has resolved to quit the kingdom; but should I let her go, or permit her to take her son?"

"Let her go," replied Ralph, after a brief pause; "she may go alone; but if she take her son, is there not a danger that he will come back hereafter?"

"It would be better," said Sir Amias, "that she could be induced to remain; she may contrive proof among her friends of her marriage with Lord Edmund."

"If she reach Florence, she will get proof sufficient," replied Ralph, looking significantly.

Sir Amias made no answer, but his colour

fled, and he turned round and went to the other end of the chamber in which they were thus conversing. The casket, which had been bought of Shebak so shortly before, was lying on the table, and the sight of it reminding Ralph of what had passed respecting the lady's jewels, he said—

"But how can she have obtained money for the voyage?"

The remark struck Sir Amias, and he rubbed his forehead with his hand, in evident perplexity, for some time, quickening his pace as he walked across the floor.

"I think," resumed Ralph Hanslap, "her confessor has procured the money."

"But how? but how?" cried Sir Amias eagerly; "money is not borrowed without security,—what had she to give?"

"Her jewels."

"I shall soon know that," said Sir Amias; and going to the table on which Shebak's casket was lying, he took it up, and, requesting

Ralph to wait his return, went straight to the chamber where Lady de Crosby usually spent the evening.

"I have brought you," said he, with a cheerful voice on entering, "a present of gems; I think them beautiful, and not easily to be matched."

The lady, at the time, was in no humour to look at such things; she was grieved on account of the unfortunate Lady Albertina, and there was a painful suspicion in her bosom, that Sir Amias was not honest towards that defenceless stranger. His cheerfulness, however, soon drew her from her reveries, and she was gradually won to inspect the contents of the casket.

"Do you not," said Sir Amias, "think these pearls and that ruby more beautiful than the Lady Albertina's?"

"They are not so large," replied the lady; "and though very beautiful, I should think not so precious."

"Nay, don't say so,—don't make so light of my gift;—I would not have bought them had I not thought they were better; I am sure, on comparison, you will say they are,—indeed I shall not be persuaded they are not. —I should be mortified if they were not to prove finer; I therefore pray you to borrow the Lady Albertina's casket, that we may compare them together."

The Lady de Crosby's countenance altered, and she replied, compassionately,—

"I cannot do that to-night; I cannot disturb her with a thing so little in unison with her sorrow."

"These are costly ornaments, and you might tell her," said the crafty knight, "that, as I am in treaty for the purchase, it would oblige me to have her casket to look at."

"I thought," replied the lady, "that you said they were already bought?"

"I have bargained for them; but if they are inferior, I shall not have them; and now,

therefore, I beseech you to do me the favour to ask for a sight of her casket."

Still the gentle Lady de Crosby would have declined the task; but her lord pressed her so earnestly, that she could no longer deny him.

"Cunning," says our author, "is the right hand of the feminine and the feeble."—The Lady Albertina, notwithstanding her great esteem for the kind and loving qualities of the Lady de Crosby, had, from the moment of her resolution to return home, determined to regard her no longer with that sisterly confidence which had hitherto been cherished between them, because it was impossible to do so without giving vent to the bitterness of her heart against Sir Amias, to whom she knew her friend, as a true wife, was affectionately devoted. She was not, however, prepared for any change on the part of that lady; and, in consequence, when she saw her visible embarrassment, arising from the ill-

timed nature of the request for the loan of the casket, she was seized with apprehension and distrust, ascribing that diffidence, which sprung from the purest tenderness, to the consciousness of insincerity. Instead, therefore, of answering her at once, she looked at her for a moment reproachfully, and then burst into tears.

The Lady de Crosby betrayed no less emotion, and began to excuse herself for having come at such a time to ask so unbecoming a favour,—assuring her, with all the pity and sincerity of her gentle nature, that she was constrained to do so only by the entreaties of her husband.

"I know that well," replied the Lady Albertina; "I know that your own heart would never have made you a partner in such cruelty——" But, suddenly checking herself, she dried her eyes and went to the cabinet where the casket usually lay, and affected to seek for it.—"It is not here," said she, after

searching for some time;—“ my head of late has not been as it should be;—come to-morrow,—I shall then be more collected.”

Too happy to escape from a task which she felt to be as unkind as it was ungenerous, the Lady de Crosby readily acquiesced in the propriety of the postponement; and, returning to the room where she had left Sir Amias, entreated him for some time to think no more of the comparison.

CHAPTER XI.

TWO KNAVES.

You, Master Lightfoot, call Master Suckbottle knave; and Master Suckbottle calls you knave; and as for my part, I think you are both knaves; for why, neither of you both deal honestly.

THE DOWNFALL OF TEMPORIZING POETS—UNLICENSED PRINTERS—UPSTART BOOKSELLERS—TROTTING MERCURIES—AND BAWLING HAWKERS.

THE chronicler, after describing the impression which the Lady de Crosby's information made on Sir Amias, slides into a moralizing vein, and enters at some length into a disquisition concerning the difference between knavery and crime. It would not suit the temperament of our readers, especially the fair and young, to relate all that he says so

curiously on these topics; but still it would not be doing justice to a personage evidently gifted with singular powers of observation, were we to skip entirely over them.

Crimes, he remarks, are the progeny of disorderly passion, and come of our animal instincts and affections; but knavery is altogether an intellectual vice, and springeth from inordinate self-conceit. The criminal is a voluptuary, who longeth and searcheth for delights, breaking through, without regard of consequences, the fences which religion and custom have raised for the protection of social rights;—but the true knave is a great respecter of such fences; and thus it happens, that though we often and many times meet the peculiar qualities of the knave and the criminal united in the same bosom, it is yet no very strange thing to fall in with men, who, having but weak and quiet passions, maintain a marvellous port of virtue towards the world, even while, by the complexity of

their dealings, and the methods by which they ravel the interests of others, are but little worthy of so homely a title as that of honest. In fine, as the criminal hunteth for pleasure, so does the knave for power; for the source of all knavery lieth in a secret persuasion, that the rest of mankind are less sagacious than he is who hath recourse to its devices; whereas, sooner or later, it never fails to come to pass, that the world proves him the fool, and setteth him at nought accordingly, if it spareth him from punishment.

After this dissertation, the author proceeds to tell us, what, we doubt not, the reader has already partly anticipated, namely, that Sir Amias, being a knave, was much disconcerted at discovering, notwithstanding all the urbanity and seeming tenderness with which he had treated the Lady Albertina, that she had penetrated into the depths of his cunning, and was even advanced in preparations to thwart his designs. For his own skill in stra-

tagems taught him at once to consider the excuse of not being able to find the casket as a mere evasion. Indeed it was not likely that any thing so valuable could have been mislaid; he said, however, nothing of what he thought to his lady, but returned to Ralph Hanslap.

"Assuredly she has parted with her jewels," was his exclamation as he entered the room, "and she will soon be out of our reach."

"I have been thinking," replied Ralph, "that you should let her go;—but the child must be detained. The risk you run is not from her, but from him. He must never know who he really is."

"But will she go without her son?"

"If she go at all, she must without him."

"How?"

"Did you not before speak of stealing her jewels?"

The complexion of the knight deepened at the familiar use of a word so ignominious,

more perhaps than with shame for having made the suggestion;—but Ralph continued,—"It is as easy to take the child as it was to remove the casket; and I have planned how it may be done."

"Indeed!" replied Sir Amias eagerly.

"Even so, as you shall hear. There is at present in London a man with his wife from Rochester. He is by trade a tailor. I know them well, and they are kind, good-hearted folk; they will treat the child as their own."

"I would not else consent to the scheme," said Sir Amias, by way of a sop to the Cerberus conscience, which began to rouse and growl, warning him how near he was approaching the gates of hell.

"Well," resumed Ralph; "cannot I carry the child to them, and hire them to keep it as the orphan of Hubert Neville, who was killed in the Scottish wars with Lord Edmund his master? It is, you see, a simple plot."

Sir Amias agreed that it was so, but ex-

pressed some apprehension as to the manner of carrying it into effect, saying—

"But how is the child to be removed? It is not possible to take him away from this house, without subjecting me to the clamorous accusations of the mother."

"The vessel," replied Ralph, "in which the friar has bespoken their passage, will not be ready to sail for another day,—in the meantime I will watch for an opportunity."

Some farther conversation ensued, in the course of which it was agreed that Ralph Hanslap should forthwith proceed to Pierce Pigot and his wife, to make the necessary arrangements with them. Ralph accordingly soon after quitted the room, and went down into the street.

By this time it was quite dark; but here and there a strong stream of ruddy light, from the smithies of farriers and armourers, the chief tradesmen of those days, shot across the causeway in such a manner that every

passenger going through them was brightly and distinctly illuminated, though but for a moment, so as to be easily known at a considerable distance; and thus it happened, that as Ralph came out from the gate of Crosby-house, he discovered Adonijah in the street, coming towards it; which surprised him the more, as the Jews in that age seldom ventured abroad in the night, so much were they subjected to the contumely and intolerance of all descriptions of persons. He thought, however, in consequence of the message which he had himself carried during the day, that Adonijah had probably procured the money which Sir Amias wanted, and was come to inform him of that circumstance. But his surprise took the character of curiosity when the Jew, instead of inquiring for the knight, asked if he might see the Lady Albertina. "It is to him," said Ralph to himself, "that she has sold the jewels, and he has doubtless now brought her the money."

For an instant the idea rose in his mind, that he might perhaps essentially serve the interests and further the purposes of his patron, could he intercept the money; but a moment's reflection showed him that the attempt was too hazardous to be so suddenly undertaken; he therefore civilly answered Adonijah, and calling the porter, commended him to his attention, while he went out on his own mission.

CHAPTER XII.

A MAN.

'Tis true, gold can do much,
But beauty more.—MASSINGER.

THE Lady Albertina, it would seem, was much surprised when informed that the Jew solicited leave to speak with her,—both by the singularity of the visit, and the unseasonable hour at which it was made. Being at the moment matronly engaged, along with her maidens, in soothing her little orphan to sleep, she at first ordered the servant who announced Adonijah, to request him to call again in the morning; but suddenly her curiosity was excited by one of the damsels, wondering what he could want at such a time of night. Quitting the chamber where she

was with them, she went into an ante-room, and desired him to be admitted.

Adonijah came humbly and slowly, shuffling and sliding forward, bowing as he advanced.

The lady, who had never seen him before, was not much prepossessed in his favour—either by his physiognomy, or the cringing obsequiousness with which he approached her.

"What is your pleasure with me?" said she, when he had come in that manner within two or three paces of the spot where she was standing.

"I would have discourses with yourself," replied Adonijah, glancing his eye towards the door which led to the inner apartment, and which was still open.

The lady turned round, closed the door, and then requiring him to take a seat, sat down herself. Adonijah, however, instead of doing so, laid his hand on his breast, and bowed with profound humility in thankful-

ness for the courtesy with which he was treated: instead of going to a chair, he looked warily behind, and then taking the casket, which the confessor had sold to him, from under his cloak, he went close to her, and said in a whisper—

"Madam, there was an honest man, a priest, who brought me this to make me buy, and he said to me that the jewels were your jewels,—is it as he has said?"

The Lady Albertina at the first glance recognised the casket, and was disconcerted as much by that circumstance as by the eagerness with which the Jew looked at her, while he held it in his left hand, patting the lid with his right as he spoke.

"Yes, the jewels were mine," was her answer; "I intrusted them to the care of a friar for sale, and he has brought me the money which he received for them."

"I have given him too many monies," said Adonijah; "the jewels are very bad,—very,

very,—they are as stones of the rivers, bad, and worth no monies at all."

The lady naturally concluded, that the Jew, being dissatisfied with his bargain, had come to require the return of the money, and she was at once disappointed and embarrassed.

"I am sorry," said she, "that they have proved of so little value; but indeed I require the money, and cannot return it all."

"I will not have the jewels," replied Adonijah; "you shall take them again, and you will give me your bond for the monies."

The lady looked at him for some time without making any answer, and appeared as if she did not rightly understand what he had said.

"You will," resumed Adonijah, holding out the casket, "take back your jewels, and keep them, or sell them to another man; but I will not take them for my monies, for I will have your bond."

"But," replied the lady, taking the casket from him, and looking up in his face, "I have no security to give you."

"Will not Sir Amias be so much a friend?" said the Jew, looking at her inquiringly; "he is a good man,—all men say good things of Sir Amias de Crosby,—there is not such another Christian man for soft sentences in all the land of England,—surely he will do that small grace to content so gentle a lady."

The lady sighed; for a moment she cast her eyes on the ground, and then, again looking up, said firmly—

"I do not choose to ask Sir Amias, but I will return you half the money,—surely the casket is worth the other, and you can sell it."

"I tell you," replied Adonijah, raising himself into an erect posture, and speaking with a free voice, "that I will not have the jewels,—they are your jewels, and I will have a bond for my monies."

The lady remained for a short time silent,

and a tear oozing out upon her cheek, she wiped it away.

"I am friendless and a stranger in this country," said she, "and I cannot comply with your request."

"Am not I your friend, lady, when I will take your bond for the monies, and give you back the jewels that you may sell them again?—I will take your own bond, lady."

This was expressed with such a mild and conciliatory accent, that the Lady Albertina looked at him with amazement, and, rising from her chair, said,—"How is it that I should be so indebted to a stranger?"

"Because," replied Adonijah, "there is loveliness in your countenance, and I will give many monies to make it glad."

The paternal kindness with which this was expressed sounded so cheeringly, that the lady smiled at the simplicity of the explanation, while she felt that the generosity of the Jew would scarcely have affected her with

less surprise, even had she met with it in any Christian.

"That good man," continued Adonijah, "who came to me with your jewels, told me your story, and that you will take away your child from his inheritances: that is not wise, lady; stay with him in this country;—am I not your friend?"

"But Sir Amias is alike the enemy of me and of my unfortunate child."

"Sir Amias is a great man," resumed the Jew, thoughtfully, "and Adonijah is a very small thing that curs snarl at,—aye, and bite too, without the compunction of any humanities; yet, sweet lady, be not afraid, Sir Amias owes monies, and he is therefore a slave. I will get Christian men to buy my bonds; for the law gives them parchments to do things which neither I nor my brethren may do."

For some time the lady continued to regard him with a wondering, yet distrustful eye,—at last, she said—

"Your visit has perplext me,—your conduct is still more surprising,—and I am altogether unable to divine the motive which prompts you to do me such unlooked-for kindness."

"I have my pleasures in this," replied Adonijah cheerfully, but with the most profound deference of demeanour; "you are fair and comely, and you are like the daughter of Jerusalem, lonely in a strange land."

"But what am I to you? and how is it that you should take so much interest in the misfortunes of a stranger?"

"When you see the rose looking out from the bud," replied the Jew, "does it not give you pleasures? When you hear the songs of the morning, do they not make you glad? When you see the waters sparkling in the sun, are you not joyful? Is not the fragrance of plants in the evening, as the thought of Eden and the pomegranate gardens of Solomon? Do not the stars shine to your spirit with

a holiness finer than their light? And when the moon comes forth with her silence and solemnities, is not the soul filled to overflowing with inexpressible delights? But neither the rose, nor the songs of the morning, nor the fragrance of the evening, nor the holiness of the stars, nor the solemnity of the moon, bring with them to me such plenty of contents as in making happiness with mine own hand. You marvel, lady, to hear me so speak; but though I am a Jew,—a despised Jew,—and almost an old man, yet it hath pleased God to give me a kind heart, and with it the eye of the breast, that which delighteth in excellence, whether it be of outward loveliness, or of the inward harmonies of good thoughts."

Notwithstanding the warmth of these expressions, there was so much of paternal purity in the manner of Adonijah, that the lady took confidence in him, and said in her simplicity—

"I am not aware of having ever had occasion or opportunity to shew you that I possessed any claim to your regard."

"But I have seen you many times, and felt sunshine in the sight of the beautiful spirit that beams from your countenance. O! it would be to me more pleasures than all monies, to take away that adversity which makes so cold a shadow fall so darkly on so fair a thing, lady. I do not live for monies; I was not made to cleave unto gold, for I am a sincere man, and would make poverties flee away; but you think me hungry for gains.—Alas! sweet lady, am I to blame that I was born a Jew?"

After some still more animated professions of fatherly interest in her condition, Adonijah at last succeeded in obtaining from the lady a promise, that she would not leave England until she heard from him again.

"But," said he, "this house, with Sir Amias, is now no longer a fit dwelling-place

for you and your child. You are here in perils, and you must come out of the snares and escape from the fowler. Therefore I shall provide you with a habitation in pleasant retirements, and when it is ready you will come with me, for am I not your friend?"

This was so natural a sequel to what had passed, that the unfortunate lady, comforted by the unexpected friendship which had been so singularly raised up to console her in that forlorn epoch of her fortune, readily acquiesced in the suggestion. As Adonijah then moved to retire, she held out her hand to him, on which he laid his cheek softly for a moment, placing at the same time a ring of great value on her finger.

CHAPTER XIII.

PLOTS.

If her great merits could not impetrate
So much, as not to be unfortunate,
And in misfortunes to exceed so farre,
As if the worst of all her sex she were:
How light would our best works be in Heaven's skale,
If she, thus pure, in point of merit faile.

THE SORROWS AND SUFFERINGS OF THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

BEFORE the Jew left Crosby-house, Ralph Hanslap had returned, and was closeted with his patron. What passed between them our author does not appear to have learnt, as he only mentions, that they continued in conclave till long after all the household had retired to rest, and that when they separated, the hall was so still that the trickling of the ebbing

sand in the hour-glass over the chimney might have been heard. The only noise in the house came from the apartment of the Lady Albertina; for her child was wakeful, and she continued with the nurse, after the departure of Adonijah, endeavouring to sooth him.

The sound of their steps, and the churme of their endeavours to lull the peevish infant, intermingled with his occasional wail, made Ralph hesitate in the gallery after parting from Sir Amias. He held a taper in his hand, and drew up the hilt of his sword under his arm as he came from the chamber of the knight. As he approached the door which led to the lady's apartment he softened his steps and listened; he then looked stealthily around, and appeared pale and anxious. Presently, however, he resumed his wonted self-possession, and stepped forward to the staircase with rather more confidence in his air than perhaps the occasion required. Instead, however, of ascending to his own room,

he set the candle on the steps, and went down into the court.

During his absence the nurse came into the gallery, also with a light in her hand, and walked towards the staircase, for the purpose of calling down one of the Lady Albertina's women to come to the assistance of their mistress, for the fretfulness of the child had worn them both out. The old woman, however, had scarcely reached the door which led to the staircase, and which Ralph Hanslap had left open, when, suddenly turning round, she hastened back to her lady.

"What's the matter?" said the Lady Albertina, "you seem alarmed."

"O, nothing," replied the nurse, adjusting her dress; but only some of the men are yet a-foot:—I saw two of them on the stairs, and I could not show myself before them in this condition."

While they were thus speaking, the smell of fire attracted the lady's attention, and she

remarked it to the nurse with some degree of apprehension.

"Some one," replied the old woman, "has left a candle on the stair."

"See that it is doing no mischief," exclaimed the lady. Before the nurse, however, had again reached the door, the voice of Ralph Hanslap, crying "Fire!" alarmed the whole house.

The lady darted to the cradle, and, seizing the child, hurried out into the gallery, and down the stair, where the candle was still harmlessly burning, followed by the nurse with an armful of apparel, which she had hastily snatched up.

On reaching the court, they beheld the flames bursting from one of the windows, and several of the servants, half-naked, running to and fro with pails and buckets of water. The great gates leading to the street were thrown open, and a number of persons, collected by the alarm, came rushing in.

The Lady Albertina stood for a moment in the court, with her infant in her arms.

"Be not alarmed," said a stranger; "the fire is of no consequence: it will presently be extinguished; but the night is cold,—I beseech you to take my cloak."

Agitation rendered her unable to answer.

"I will hold the child, lady," said another stranger courteously, "till you put on the cloak;" and in saying these words, he lifted the crying infant from her bosom.

The fellow who offered the cloak then threw it over her in such a manner as to cover her head.—She hastily opened it aside, and turned round to take back her child again, but the strangers were both gone.

The chronicler having thus described the circumstances attending the abduction of the young lord, says——

But it would be a vain endeavour to depict the consternation of that disconsolate mother,

when she found herself so suddenly bereft of her child; and a tale of unspeakable anguish, to tell how she ran, wringing her hands, among the multitude, demanding her orphan He accordingly quits this tragical incident somewhat abruptly, and proceeds to relate, that the fire being soon after extinguished, the distracted widow was carried back to her own chamber in a state of insensibility,—while Sir Amias was moving every where ordering, and counter-ordering the servants, to search the whole city for the child.

"I am undone," said he to his lady; "my honour is ruined for ever. The mother will openly proclaim her marriage; she will say that I have caused her son to be stolen; and I shall be suspected of the guilt by all that hear her frantic accusations."

The Lady de Crosby made him, however, no answer,—she listened to what he said,—she looked at him with a solemn eye, and fondling her infant daughter, then lying on

her lap, burst into tears, and shed them upon the bosom of the child.

For some time after the distraction of that dismal night, the Lady Albertina continued in such a state of absence and melancholy, that it was feared she would never recover the right use of her reason. At last, however, she gradually became more collected, and was, in the course of a few months, able to receive the visits and listen to the spiritual consolations of her confessor. Sir Amias several times sent to assure her of his friendship and unalterable regard, and frequently solicited an interview; but she peremptorily refused to see him. She was also averse to hold any intercourse with the Lady de Crosby; but, it would seem, from a different sentiment; for when they met, she pressed her hands with an endearing tenderness, and never once to her alluded to the loss she had suffered.

When her health, which had been blighted by her despondency, was so far restored as to

enable her to walk in the garden, she sent for Adonijah the Jew, to thank him herself for his frequent inquiries at the gate during her illness. His singular kindness had indeed made a deep impression,—she often thought of him, as of a friend on whom she might in extremity rely;—and it seemed, as she recovered, that he alone was the fittest agent to manage the search she was determined to set on foot for her child. In the first violence of her grief, she had abandoned herself to the saddest and worst apprehensions, and to the harrowing idea of murder awaiting herself also; for the belief, that her son had been secretly put to death hung upon her spirit like the mortcloth that covers the bier, and seems to deepen while it hides the darkness and mysteries of the corpse. But as her dejection wore away, and the sense of reviving health was felt, this frightful imagination left her, and in the end she became as confident that her son was still alive, as, in her

sorrow, she was persuaded he had been sacrificed to the avarice of his hollow and perfidious uncle.

CHAPTER XIV.

A FRIEND.

We have all our several passions that command us:
I am a slave to honour and ambition,
And thou to fair Mademoiselle de Guise.

THE AMBITIOUS STATESMAN.

THE manner in which Adonijah advanced towards the Lady Albertina at the second interview, appears to have been very different from the diffidence and humility of his first visit. She was sitting, when he entered, says the chronicler with his characteristic attention to the minutest details, with two of her women standing near her, conversing of some domestic task which she was directing them to perform.

When he came into the room he halted on seeing the women, and the lady, observing his hesitation, requested them to retire. He then came forward unbidden, with a free and somewhat of that familiar air, observable in persons who are conscious of possessing a superiority over others, either by acquired influence or the power of conferring favours.

"I have many pleasures, lady," said Adonijah, "to see you again so shining out from the cloud that was upon you. I was often at the gate to learn how it fared with you; for my spirit was like the spirit of the Chaldean shepherd, who, as he watches the eclipsed moon, fears lest the shadow which darkens her loveliness shall not pass away,—but,"—and he hastily stepped forward and took her by the hand,—"but I will not talk ceremonies any more: you shall be my child, and I will be your father."

The lady was startled by this freedom, and rose from her seat, while he still held her hand.

"Yes, lady," he continued, "let it be as I would; you have no friend in this land of England,—you are poor too, but I have many monies, and if you will be as a child to me, all my monies shall be your friends, and you will give me for them comforts and pleasant courtesies."

"I do not well understand you, Adonijah," replied the lady, withdrawing her hand; "it is indeed true, I am friendless in England; but it was not of that I would speak with you at this time. You have heard what has befallen me since I saw you; it happened on the same night. I am persuaded my child has been removed by some stratagem of his uncle."

"Lady," said the Jew in a whisper, "say not by whom it was done, but be joyful, for your son is not lost."

"Then he is indeed alive! O! where is he?" exclaimed the transported mother.

"Hush, hush!" cried Adonijah alarmed;

"when you were ill, and no humanities cared about your child, I did search and find where he is hidden, as it were in a pit in the desert. But, lady, be calm, and listen,—we must take counsel together: Sir Amias would sell him to the Ishmaelites that he may never more return; but you will come with me,—you will prove your child to witnesses, and we shall find marks upon him, whereby he may be known hereafter as the same man-child that was your son and taken from this house."

"And what then?" said the lady, hardly comprehending the scope of Adonijah's advice: But, instead of answering her question, he continued as if he had not been interrupted,—

"Josbekashah, my son, shall travel the seas to Florence; there he will tell your kinsmen and your father's house in what jeopardies you and your son stand, by reason of the covetousness of Sir Amias; your kinsmen will then make haste, as with the fleet horses of

Arabia, to bear witness for you,—and then shall I have glories in my heart, and cause for exceeding joy, in having been to you as a father."

The lady, surprised at the elevation of accent with which the Jew concluded, said, " I am so amazed by what you say, that I do not feel the good news you have told me as I ought to do. But, carry me to my child,—let us go at once,—I long to be from under this treacherous roof."

The spirit, however, of Adonijah was kindled, and, without heeding her earnestness, he said proudly—

" Sir Amias is a man mighty with the strength of the law ; you are a tender widow, and I am but a Jew—an outcast. But did not the stripling, with a pebble-stone from the brook, cleave the forehead of the arrogant Philistine ?"

" Has Sir Amias ever injured you ?" interrupted the lady.

Adonijah looked at her for a moment, and then said,—

" Heaven hath made my heart to hate wrong, and to be the adversary of oppression, whether it be done against myself, my father's house, or the helpless of the children of men. It is the very quality of my spirit, lady, and the gift of the same hand, that frames the musician to decern the secrets of sweet melodies, and tempers the man of war to endure in battle. He that teacheth subtlety to the cunning, and giveth persuasion to the eloquent orator, and bindeth flames to be wings to the spirit of the delectable poet, hath bestowed on Adonijah the virtue of aversion to injustice."

The lady, though deeply affected by the solemnity of the Jew's manner, glanced her eye at his coarse gabardine, and thought of his usury and the traffic which had first led to their acquaintance.

He perceived her wonder, and looked at her

for a moment with a compassionate dignity, in which it would seem she felt a rebuke; for our author says, that she endeavoured to assure him of her confidence in his singular kindness, but that Adonijah interrupted her, saying,—

"I do not marvel that you make questions of me in your heart, lady; but what I say is much truth. Have I not given you for no things, not even your own bond, the very rich jewels that I bought from your priest, leaving you all the monies?—Did I not put on your finger that beautiful ring? And who searched for your little son to have felicities to give you but I, Adonijah the Jew,—the greedy Jew, as the unthrifts call me? Yes truly, I take monies of the unthrifts, and I crouch down with many humilities when I am scoffed and beaten by cruel Christian men. But the charitable spring-waters come from under the rocks."—

He paused for an instant, and a tear shot into his eye as he said, "Alas, lady, the sword of Maccabeus was lost when the sons of Jerusalem were scattered, and the time of the avenger hath not yet come. But I speak too many things of myself, let me tell you of your little child."

The lady, as he said this, raised her hands eagerly; but Adonijah, by a slight motion of his, enjoined her to be calm and silent, saying, in a whisper,—

"This house is no place to speak of services: be glad, for your little son is very well, and with an honest man; but that honest man does not know he is your son, and neither should he know, till we have evidences in some of your kinsmen to confound the devices of his bad uncle."

"I am however anxious to see my orphan, —where is he, that I may go to him?"

"The man, and the woman that is the man's

wife,—they are both very good people,—they believe that the child is the son of Hubert Neville, who went to the battles with your lord, and they call him Dudley Neville; for such is his name, as they were told by Ralph Hanslap."

"Ralph Hanslap!" exclaimed the lady.

"Hush! there is cause for the wisdom of silence in this matter. But you will prepare for a long journey, and will never return to this house till you are the veritable Lady of Rothelan."

"How shall I ever repay such unexampled kindness?"

"I have my payments here," replied Adonijah, laying his hand upon his bosom. "But there is no time for much talk,—my vocations call me to the palace at Westminster;" and, he added with a smile, "to take monies there, for I am an extortionate Jew. But when I return, you will be ready to come

with me far into the country; and let not Sir Amias know whither it is that we intend to journey." With these words he hastily retired.

CHAPTER XV.

THE RIVER.

——— When Heaven's eyes were all asleep,
The world was husht in slumbers : In deep caves,
No breath of wind, nor murmur from the waves.

HENRY THIRD OF FRANCE.

WHEN Adonijah left the house, the Lady Albertina sent for her confessor, and told him what had passed; but Padre Giovanni was incredulous respecting the manifold virtues which she described the Jew as possessing, and would fain have dissuaded her from trusting herself with him, enforcing his admonition with many a terrible story of the mysteries to which the Jews were then accused of being addicted. But, as their colloquy on the occasion is more curious than interesting, we shall only relate the result.

After having made the necessary preparations, the lady, according to an arrangement concerted with Adonijah, went in the dusk of the following evening to an open space on the bank of the river between Billingsgate and the Tower, where a boat was lying ready to receive them. The exact spot at which they embarked is not particularly mentioned, but, according to the best opinion we have been able to form on the subject, it was near, on or about, the very place where the east wing of the Customhouse now stands. Some antiquaries whom we know and respect, both on account of their acumen and erudition, are not agreed as to this, nor is it, after all, of primary consequence that they should, the main fact being indisputable; namely, the embarkation of the lady, the Jew, and the friar; and that it took place in a calm and clear summer evening, just as the moon was beginning to peep over a range of dark and dense clouds which spread across the eastern horizon like a rampart.

In such a night, says our quaint chronicler, when the sounds of busy toils, and the hoarse voices of men vehement with worldly tribulations, are so quieted by the gracious influence of the holy Evening, that the melodious harmonies of flowing waters are again heard, few pastimes are more soothing to a wounded spirit than easy passagings, at that delicious season, on the bosom of the generous river Thames. Sounds of revelry then rise along the shore, and the carols of merry hearts, singing with the happiness of leisure, are but marred by cheerful calls to make haste home; while lighted windows, like the glad eyes of the children round the hearths within, shine, and shed to the heart something more excellent even than the light.—The sweet medicine, that the spirit compounds for itself out of these soft and gentle circumstances, appeased the anguish of the sorrowful lady; and, as the oars urged the boat to outstrip the tide, the thought of soon again

possessing her infant was as the delightful sense of health.

The watermen being stout and skilful, and a breathing wind swelling the sails, the voyagers were landed before midnight at Gravesend. There, as Adonijah had provided for them, litters were waiting to carry them to Rochester, where Pierce Pigot resided, to whom Ralph Hanslap had consigned the child.

It is needless to relate with what ecstasies the mother fondled her recovered infant; nor how Adonijah brought wise and discreet persons to witness with what truth of affection she acknowledged him to be her lost son; nor shall we describe the dread and amazement which fell upon Pierce Pigot and his dame, when they found that he was the heir of Rothelan; nor how they were pacified and afterwards persuaded to go with the lady and the monk into a distant part of the country, until the evidences of the marriage could be

brought from Italy. As the reader can easily imagine all these things, and also as readily conceive, how much the parties concerned stood in awe of the power and perfidy of Sir Amias, when they thought it so necessary to seek concealment, we shall proceed to mention, that in the meantime the flight of the lady had been discovered, and that the knight, deluded by the impression of what had on a former occasion been ascertained by Ralph Hanslap with respect to the vessel bound for Normandy, believed she had quitted the kingdom. Whether he caused any search to be instituted to satisfy himself as to the fact is not stated; perhaps he was too content to have obtained such a quiet relief from her presence, to think of troubling himself farther. We are indeed rather inclined to that opinion; for, as the chronicler pertinently observes, those who obtain unfair gains are always so intent on the enjoyment, that they seldom adopt the

necessary precautions to preserve the possession.

But, in this stage of the story, THE BOOK is not so satisfactory as it ought to have been, and we are left to wonder at what happened to the lady during a period of several years. Indeed, for more than a hundred successive pages, the attention of the author is exclusively directed to the great public events which were then ripening, and the family of Rothelan are entirely lost sight of. This is no doubt a material defect; but still the digression must be regarded as in some degree necessary; for the adventures of the young lord were so intermingled with the national transactions that the narrative could not proceed without embracing them. It is not requisite, however, that we should in this respect very closely adhere to our original; at the same time we feel that, as a river reflects the images of the towers and towns that gloom or glitter on its

6

banks, our story would be incomplete without some of the historical sketches. Accordingly, leaving the reader to fill up, by the ingenuity of his own conjectures, the long hiatus alluded to, we shall proceed to extract what the author relates as having taken place at this period in the counsels of King Edward. For although the matter may not be strictly germane to our story, some of the principal events which happened in the ensuing wars were necessary links in the chain of destiny evolved by the fortunes of Rothelan.

END OF PART FIRST.

ROTHELAN.

PART II.

ROTHELAN.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE COUNCIL.

The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. SHAKSPEARE.

ROBERT COUNT D'ARTOIS having quarrelled with Philip King of France, came over to England, where he was hospitably entertained at court, and treated by the King with much companionable familiarity. During the hours of pastime which he spent with his Majesty, he took often occasion to speak of the cause

and ways by which Philip was raised to the throne, till Edward became persuaded that he ought himself to have been then King of France, notwithstanding the proscriptions of the salique law. A council was in consequence solemnly convened to consider this great pretension, and the Count d'Artois being present, was commanded to state what he had privately communicated to his Majesty touching the royal inheritance of France.

This Artois was a subtile and ingenious man, skilful in the knowledge of human nature, and moreover so fair spoken, that he could set forth his tale at any time with a plausibility which had almost constantly the effect of persuasion.

"My Sovereign and Liege Lord," said he, "for I am bound to address you by that title, and I here tender the homage which is due from me as your subject and vassal; although by the salique law, a female heir cannot succeed to the crown of France, yet

the heirs of females are not prohibited, and in that exemption lies your right. When the late king died, your mother, his sister, being the nearest of his royal blood, accordingly endowed you with a pretence to the inheritance preferable to that of your kinsman Philip de Valois. But, at that time, the hearts of all true Frenchmen were troubled with apprehension, when they thought that France, which had never acknowledged any superior, would become a tributary province of England; and therefore, to avert such degradation from their country, they called Philip to the throne. But many of us have long since seriously repented of that treason, and desire nothing more earnestly in this world, than to see the usurper driven from a dignity which he has hitherto held with no honour, and your Majesty invested with the rights of your royal ancestors."

For some time, no one of the council made any answer; but at last the old Earl of Nor-

folk looked towards the count, and said, "Philip has been so long a king, that the generality of your countrymen appear to submit contentedly to his government; but if the law be as you say, still the case is a French cause, and I do not well see that we here in England should stir in it. In a word, and to deal plainly and roundly with you, my Lord Count, if you and other factious noblemen of France have, in contempt of law and justice, betrayed the rights and pretensions of the true heir of the monarchy, what have we to do with your treasons and treacheries?"

The Earl of Norfolk was irascible, hard-favoured, and of an ungainly aspect; and this being said in a blunt manner, much disconcerted and chafed the count. He, however, made no reply; but the Earl of Suffolk said, across the council-board,—

"My Lord of Norfolk, if the claims of his Majesty to the crown of France be so just and well-founded, are not we bound by our

homage and allegiance, as his vassals, to assist him to assert them ?"

The Archbishop of Canterbury here interposed.

"I do not," said he, "consider this in that light. Is it not a sin to sit still and let ill be done? Is not this violation of the law by the French kingdom and community an offence against the settled rights, usages, and inheritances of Christian men? If we consent to let usurpation enjoy what it has so unlawfully acquired, shall we not break down the fences of property, and license every bad man that is bold enough to storm the high places of dignity and power whenever he may adventure? My Lords, I beseech you not to look on this matter merely as it touches his Majesty, but as a crime which the realm of France has committed, first, against the ancient and natural law of succession, and, second, as fraught with interminable mischief to the community of nations. Private men will not

give up their rights without a struggle, and shall anointed princes be defrauded of theirs with impunity?"

The Earl of Norfolk looked from under his shaggy brows while the archbishop was speaking, and at the conclusion said, drily,—

"Does a minister of peace argue for war?"

The Bishop of London however took up the burden of the archbishop's song, addressing himself to the earl.

"His Grace but advises that Right be upheld against Wrong. When bad men break in upon our common estate and circumstances, why do we arm the officers of the law against them? Why do we invest the judges and juries of the land with power to punish even to death? Because it is essential to the well-being of society, that right and justice should be regarded as more precious than the lives of particular men. Why do we call those criminal who possess themselves of our goods without permission? Why do we shun those

who do so as if they were infected, but only because we know that confusion is in their maxims and evil in their morals? It is not for war, the braveries and pageantries which swell the pride of the soldier, that the ministers of peace would urge his Majesty to avenge the wrongs done to the world by France, but to stifle in the birth the evils which must ensue, if Order may be so violated without the fear of retaliation. There is with nations as with men, a frame of community; and as the man who does wrong is punished by his fellows, so should guilty nations suffer for their misdeeds. What better proof need you, my Lords, of the evil in this French usurpation, than the controversies it breeds among ourselves, and which may grow to quarrels and other bitter and implacable resentments. In my sober judgment, therefore, as a minister of that religion which demands the Right to be maintained through all trials, I cannot in this question but adhere to these

opinions, and say, let there be War rather than Wrong should flourish."

The Earl of Warwick, right well content to hear those venerable prelates thus prove that the heroic pastime of war would in the King's cause be a duty, threw a smiling glance towards his Majesty, who was there present, (and as appears by the illumination, with crown, stole, and sceptre,) as he said to the bishops in a grave manner,—

"It is worthy of your wisdom and piety to sift out the dangers of these French doings. But we, who are but rough and blunt soldiers, ought not to scan things so far surpassing our low capacities. I, and my brethren here present, submit ourselves to your bidding. If you say, that we must exert our best virtues to redress this wrong, we are ready to obey; for we are but the hands of the kingdom, ye are the heads, the very organs of cogitation; as your volitions direct, so shall we do."

He then addressed himself to the King,—

"Your Majesty," said he, "has heard what these holy and good men think. You can have no wiser counsellors in this matter; and I will be bold to say, that whatever they advise you to do, the spirit is not wanting among the barons of England to give you help to do it well. Ripen the matter with them, and you will find us ready."

The King smiled, and was pleased to hear the Earl of Warwick speak so much according to his own heart; but he solemnly composed himself as befitted the occasion, while saying,—

"If it be as our cousin the count has here stated, that the sons of females may inherit under the salique law, then there can be no doubt of my right to the crown of France; nor that it is the duty of all good men to assist me to recover so great an inheritance wrongfully withheld. But let the law, as it touches this claim,m abe de clear to me; we will do nothing in the business that is not sanctioned

by wisdom and the authority of justice. To you therefore, my Lord Archbishop, and the Bishop of London, whose eye in this matter is as the light of the sun, we commit the important task of searching out the truth of the question. If it should prove for us and our side, you shall have no cause to say, my Lords, that we were either slack to vindicate our own pretensions, or slow to wind up the ravelled skein of a just right."

Whether the bishops did search, and discover that the King's birth-right really entitled him to have succeeded to the French crown, the chronicler does not say; but he concludes the chapter, in which he relates this conference, by telling us, that his Majesty was in due season, with the customary pageants of the heralds, published and proclaimed King of France and England, and that thereafter he placed the lilies in the dexter of his blazon.

CHAPTER II.

THE PAGE.

Till Heaven's slow justice shall ordain a way,
With his own blood to make this tyrant pay.
THE ENGLISH PRINCESS.

AFTER having described the spirit and proceedings of the English council, the chronicler then gives a rapid and brilliant sketch of the different warlike enterprises which originated in the King's pretence to the French crown, confining himself exclusively, however, to that particular series of exploits, till he has occasion to speak of the sack and burning of Durham, by David the Second of Scotland, when the family of Rothelan are again brought upon the stage. The invasion of the Scots, at this time, says he, was the fruit of an alli-

ance which their young king had formed with Philip of France; and it gave King Edward the more uneasiness, as it took place at a time when his exchequer was so drained that he was obliged to have recourse to many expedients to raise money.

Among others to whom his lord treasurer applied for aids to the exchequer, was Sir Amias de Crosby; but the knight, though possessed of many jewels, had but little gold. It was, however, so much his interest to secure a friend at court, that he resolved to dispose of one of his richest caskets, and with that view he sent for Adonijah.

The casket which he produced for sale was immediately recognised by the Jew, as the same which he had himself bought from the confessor, and afterwards presented back to the Lady Albertina. How it should have come into the hands of Sir Amias seemed inexplicable; for he had, up to that moment, believed it to be still safe in her possession. He

stifled however his surprise, and said, with his wonted accent of humility, as he opened the casket—

"They are very pretty jewels, and I have seen some of them before; I was the merchant of this rope of pearls for the beautiful lady that was thought to be your brother's wife."

Sir Amias looked confused at this remark; but, speedily mastering his emotion, he replied—

"I should think not, for Lord Edmund purchased them in Florence: he bought no jewels for the Lady Albertina after his return to England."

"But I know these pearls as well as the plough-stars that shine every night; they have been mine; I could make testimonies with oaths, that the beautiful lady did have them out of these mine own hands."

This was said so firmly, and with such a penetrating look, that Sir Amias, at a loss

what answer to make, replied, in still deeper confusion,—

"It may be as you say;—Lord Edmund might have bought them unknown to me;—I was not always of his councils."

"Ah!" said Adonijah, again looking at the gems," she was a young and lovely lady; I had many pleasures when I took to her these jewels.—Where is she now, Sir Amias, for I have not for long years seen her here any more?"

"She has returned to her friends in Italy."

"And her little child,—did she take him?—but I have no memories,—was he not stolen away?—It was a strange thing, very, to steal that child."

"I hope," said the knight sharply, "you will give me a good price, since you know the value of the jewels."

Adonijah, without heeding the remark, resumed his lowliest manner, in saying—

"But the ways of the Lord are very mar-

vellous,—and he made Joseph, that was sold into bondage, ruler over all the land of Egypt, and caused his brethren to do obeisance to him, even as he had dreamt in his dreams."

"What do you mean," exclaimed Sir "Amias, "by speaking of that to me?"

"For I would give you consolations that the child may come again."

"It is no affair of your's; I sent but to speak of the jewels; I have occasion for the money—it is for the King's use."

"Ah!" resumed Adonijah, "these wars are costly pleasures to the King; but, Sir Amias, if you will do me a grace, I will buy your jewels, and give you many monies for them."

"What is it?"

"You will give the monies to the King, and then you will find favour in his eyes; now, there is a stripling, who is the son of a merchant in the city of Bristol, and the lad is

comely, and of goodly stature for his years. His father desires to make him a proud man, and will give me a great thing, if, peradventure, I could get the youth clothed with the honours of a page, in the house of a bishop or some of the King's captains.—Could Sir Amias serve me in this way, and I will give more monies for the jewels than their price."

A proposal so very reasonable and advantageous was readily acceded to, and the Jew, in consequence, again became the purchaser of the casket.

Sir Amias, in the course of the day, carried the money to the palace, and when he returned home in the evening, sent for Adonijah to inform him, that the Lord Mowbray had consented to take the boy, if his appearance answered to the description.

The satisfaction with which the Jew received the information was so manifest, that the knight rallied him on the great profit which he seemed to anticipate from the ar-

rangement; but the boy was no other than the young Lord of Rothelan, whom, by the way, it is perhaps proper to remark here, that the author, throughout THE BOOK, we do not see well for what reason, continues to call Dudley Neville; we shall, however, hereafter speak of him by the name of Rothelan, though, when taken by the Jew to Sir Amias, in order to be presented by him to his master, he was introduced by another name.

It might have been expected, when young Rothelan was brought before his uncle, considering the feelings by which Adonijah was actuated, that some interesting incident would naturally have arisen in their conversation, but this does not appear to have been the case. We are only told, that the knight was well pleased with the bold countenance and brave spirit of the boy, and that he marvelled exceedingly at the richness of his attire; which was indeed so surpassing, that even the Lord Mowbray, when Sir Amias took him home,

said he looked more like the son of an emperor than of a trading burgher.

"Thou wilt bely thy father's spirit, lad," said the baron, patting his head, "if thou dost not earn thy spurs gallantly. What sort of man is he, to set thee out with such princely munificence? he should have brought thee to me himself."

"He is dead," replied Rothelan; "he was killed in the old wars."

"Killed!" said the Lord Mowbray, looking to Sir Amias; "did not you tell me that he was the son of a Bristol trader?"

"So I was informed," replied the knight, somewhat surprised, and, he knew not why, disturbed at hearing this.

"Thy father," resumed the baron, addressing himself again to the boy, "must have left thee great riches."

"He left my mother," said the page.

"And who is she?" inquired Sir Amias eagerly.

"She was my father's wife."

"That we don't doubt," interposed the Lord Mowbray smiling; "but how is it that you think of telling us that?"

"I have heard her often and often, with tears and sadness, say so to old Pigot."

"Pigot!" exclaimed Sir Amias, "What of him?"

"Well, well," interrupted the baron, looking somewhat surprised at the evident consternation of the knight, "we shall hear it all anon; but it is plain, Sir Amias, there is some mystery about this fine boy, and that his father was no Bristol trader."

"He was a knight and a warrior," said little Rothelan proudly.

"I could be sworn he was," replied the baron, delighted with his spirit; "and I hope to see you no less, whatever he was."

But, content as the Lord Mowbray was with the garb and manliness of his new page, the name of Pigot bred scorpions in the bosom

of Sir Amias. He felt as if his very heart had been scorched with fire, and a withering sense and foretaste of danger and dishonour, overwhelmed him with confusion and dismay. He made several attempts to take a part again in the conversation; but his voice refused utterance, and he could not arrange the materials either of question or of remark. It seemed as if there was some strange and wonderful avenging, in the providence by which he had been made the agent to bring that child under the protection of so high and noble a character as the Lord Mowbray. He retired abruptly, and returned home to divulge the discovery and his alarm to Ralph Hanslap; for his conscience told him that the page was the very orphan whom he had so wronged.

CHAPTER III.

DISCOVERIES.

And dares he after nine years space return?

ARTHUR.

ONE of the most remarkable features of this curious story, is the unaccountable neglect with which the heir of Rothelan was treated by his uncle and Ralph Hanslap after they had consigned him to the care of the Pigots. Considering how deeply Sir Amias was interested in following his movements, yea in his life or death, it might have been expected that he would have tracked him with a vigilant eye; but, on the contrary, it appears, both by the Manuscript and the State Trials, which we have carefully consulted, that he abandoned him as if no relationship existed

between them, nor any intermingled tie had connected their fortunes. It is not, however, to be supposed, that, in all the long interval which had elapsed, the mind of the knight was perfectly at ease. We can conceive the principles and motives of the policy, which induced him to abstain from a curiosity seemingly so natural, we would almost say unavoidable, to the circumstances of the fraud which he had committed; and we can imagine the anxieties that must have occasionally disturbed his reflections as often as the events were recalled to his attention; and that was probably daily, by the silent remembrancers which met his eye in the very furniture of the mansion he had so wrongfully acquired; but the singular equanimity of his smooth and cold character can alone explain the source of what, for the lack of a more appropriate term, must be designated by the epithet of self-denial, a term hitherto sacred to the abstinence and chaste fortitude of virtue.

The conduct of Ralph Hanslap, to a cursory observer of mankind, must appear much more inexplicable. The possession of his patron's secret would, according to their notions, have made him regard the child as a talisman which gave him dominion over the whole wealth of Sir Amias, and they will perhaps deem it improbable, that he should have so carelessly allowed an engine so important to pass from within his power. But coarse and common characters have only two keys to human nature, the clay one and the golden. Observing that the generality of the world are, like themselves, governed by the senses, or by avarice, they are not aware, that all which is extraordinary in life, the exceptions to commonalty—all that gives animation to those characters, and prompts to those adventures which constitute the materials of romance and poetry, consist in modifications of affection and temperament, over which the

one has no control, and the other but little influence.

Ralph Hanslap was not a sordid character, and his sober wishes were not only in unison with his sedate habits, but the natural offspring of his constitutional temperance. Long companionship with Sir Amias, commencing in boyhood, had bound them in friendship to one another. On the part of Ralph, the attachment was, however, blended with a curious and peculiar feeling, arising chiefly from the consciousness of some inferiority of talent in himself; not that his genius was rebuked by the ascendency of the knight; for, on the contrary, he sometimes felt himself the master; but the sinister methods which Sir Amias adopted to attain his ends, in every undertaking, held him in attendance on the issue and sequel, as it were, with the wonder and interest ascribed to the excitement of a charm. Thus it came to pass, in consequence of observ-

ing the systematic neglect to which he had consigned his nephew, this faithful and true squire in all things squared himself according to the conduct of his patron, while patiently waiting to see what was destined to arise.

It chanced, however, while Sir Amias was gone to the Lord Mowbray with Rothelan, that he saw, accidentally in the street, Pierce Pigot. The little old man was coming briskly forward; but the moment he observed Ralph (in whose air or appearance, as is ever the case with remarkable personages, there was something uncommon and characteristic, which, once noticed, was seldom forgotten,) he instantly knew him, notwithstanding the long period that had passed since they had met, and made a sudden halt, half turning round to shun him. In a moment, however, he changed his mind, and again advanced, looking straight forward, with the intention of passing Ralph as a stranger.

The sudden gesture, and then the awkward

unhabitual erectness and swing of the arms, which Pigot assumed in coming forward, attracted the attention of Hanslap, who also recognising his old acquaintance, immediately divined that something connected with the orphan prompted him to put on the disguise of an estrangement so obvious and so ill-accommodated to his natural character.

At first he resolved to stop him in passing, to inquire for the boy; but, on second thoughts, he suspected, from the old man's manner, that he would either evade his questions, or mislead him by the answers; and, in consequence, he resolved to affect not to observe him, but, as soon as he was gone by, to follow him to his home or haunt. Pigot was accordingly not interrupted, and Ralph, at some distance, traced him to the house of Adonijah, into which he saw him so readily admitted, that it was evident he was well known to the family.

Full of perplexity and amazement at this, as it seemed to him, unaccountable mystery,

he lingered opposite to the house, irresolute what course to take until more was discovered While pacing the street, marvelling and conjecturing, without being able to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, he saw the door again opened, and a lady covered with a deep veil, followed by Pigot, come out. It was the Lady Albertina; but owing to her veil, and some change which time had made on her person, he should not have known her, had she not, on the old man pulling the skirt of her mantle, looked towards him, and abruptly returned into the house.

The lady with Pigot, and both so anxious to avoid him, were circumstances which left Hanslap no room to doubt she had recovered her son. But they were in the house of Adonijah—Adonijah had brought the page to Sir Amias—that page so sumptuously attired was of the age which the heir of Rothelan, if alive, must have just attained;—occurrences so coincident could only spring from the same

cause and lead to the same inference, thought Ralph Hanslap; and accordingly, even before his patron had quitted the presence of the Lord Mowbray, he was prepared to tell him of the very discovery which the knight himself, by the help of his conscience, had made out of incidents far less conclusive.

CHAPTER IV.

ANXIETIES.

My ear-rings! my ear-rings! they were pearls in silver set,
That when my Moor was far away I ne'er should him forget—
That I ne'er to other's tongue should list, nor smile on other's tale,
But remember he my lips had kiss'd, pure as those ear-rings pale.

LOCKHART'S SPANISH BALLADS.

WHEN the Lady Albertina returned into the house, and told Adonijah that Ralph Hanslap was in the street, and had evidently known Pigot as he passed, and traced him to the door, the Jew was much disturbed.

"My child," said he, "am not I a poor Jew, and will not Sir Amias make revenges

come upon me, for I have been your friend? Oh, it is the very shame of humanities, that we can get no testimonies from Florence. Your father is dead—he cannot come;—your brother is dead—he cannot come;—your sister is a nun—she cannot come!"

The lady, who had never hitherto seen aught but fortitude and prudence in the character of Adonijah, was much surprised to hear him speak in this manner, and would have endeavoured to appease his apprehensions, but he prevented her by saying himself—

"Are not Jews dogs before Christian men? Will not Sir Amias speak lies that will be truths? Shall not Adonijah be seared with irons out of fires, and his house made a desolation with extortions? And you, my child, are you not oppressed and persecuted as a very Jew? Hath not Sir Amias put shame upon you? And where are the testimonies to make him contrite? Are we not verily

in the captivity of the laws? The shackles of oppression also make our hands so heavy that we cannot lift them up. From this day I know that your oppressor will be my enemy. Whither shall I flee to avoid the hatred that will be hungry till I have no more to give?"

"Alas!" exclaimed the lady, greatly moved by the reasonableness of his apprehensions, "alas! and shall ruin be all the reward of your kindness to me? Just Heaven, pardon the repinings of a broken spirit! I can but languish for the end of a life that seems to be without promise." And she took the old man by the hand, to thank him for all he had done to mitigate her misfortunes, but she was unable to speak.

The heart of Adonijah was melted, and he said, soothingly—

"I speak many foolish words, and there is no wisdom in my speech."

"No, no," replied the lady, "your fears

are well founded. What I have myself suffered tells us what you may expect."

Adonijah meditated for a moment, and then rejoined, "I have been your father many days, and should cruelties drive me from out of this land, shall not another friend be raised up in your behalf? I am old, lady, and have had experiences; and this I have noted, that the course of life runs in similitudes. It is your destinies, my child, to be well-beloved, and so shall you be; even when I your father Adonijah is gone, a new friend will come, like morning light when you are farthest astray in the forest-woods and darkness of despair."

"Alas!" said the lady, with a sadness that was still more affecting than even her livelier grief, "it is too true what you say: the similitudes of my lot have been so long sorrows, that I cannot but fear I am fated to prove the constancy of suffering."

While she was speaking, Adonijah grew

thoughtful; his eye, which was ever shiningly intellectual, became shaded by the dropping of the lid, and he threw his hands behind and began to pace the floor. The lady, observing his abstraction, paused, and followed him with her eyes till he halted, when he said aloud, without, however, looking towards her—

"The devils among themselves have no rivalries; never do two seek admission into one heart; neither Belial, nor Moloch, nor Satan, have any dominion over Sir Amias. His very pride hath the quality of virtue, for it is opposed to the evil of his inclinations. It is the guardian angel that hath controversies with Mammon. It is Mammon by whom he hath been won; and have not I that which will be accepted as peace-offerings by Mammon?"

With these words, leaving the lady wondering at their import, he went into his secret chamber, and soon after returned,

bringing in his hand the often-mentioned casket, which he had so lately purchased from the knight.

"This," said he, "will I carry to Sir Amias. I will make deprecations, and I will tell him, that I was in delusions about your child, and he will be content to take his jewels again; and peradventure suffer me to abide unmolested, when he sees, as he shall see, that I have discerned the secrecies of his cunning concerning the little boy."

"But will he not," replied the lady, "still pursue him with his hate? Will he not tremble to hear that my son lives, and has been found, and will he not thirst—Oh! I may say so, and lack no charity—Yes, thirst for his blood? Ha! Adonijah, what have you there? Where did you get that casket? How came it into your hands, for it was stolen from me?"

The Jew seemed at first only a little surprised at her exclamations, but his emotion

soon grew to amazement. He looked at the lady, and then at the jewel-box. His whole frame shook, and the tears rushed into his eyes. With a low deep tone of awe and devotion, accompanied with a solemn elevation of the head and hands, he said—

"The Lord is the King of Wonders."

He then ran eagerly towards the Lady Albertina, holding out the casket as he said—

"Did you say that Sir Amias took this away from you,—this very thing?"—Before, however, she could make any reply, he added with a shout, patting the box triumphantly, "The ark is restored to Israel! Here is our own fortunes. We will take it to William, that is of Wyckham,—the chief priest of Winchester, he hath the keys of the King's conscience, and is, moreover, a just man. We will give him the jewels; he will send for Sir Amias; he will put questions to Sir Amias concerning them and concerning you, and the Lord will before

that just man smite the spirit of Sir Amias with confusions. Then shall the morning light shine full upon us and upon our cause."

The lady did not very distinctly perceive in what manner the proposal of Adonijah would prove to them of any advantage. On the contrary, she was alarmed, and thought that so decisive a step would only exasperate the enmity of Sir Amias, and precipitate the fate of her son.

"Sir Amias," said she, "will perhaps deny that the jewels were mine. Has he not published that I was not Lord Edmund's wife? Is not all that he has said concerning me believed? Look! see you not, by the heraldry on the lid, that the casket belonged to the Lord of Rothelan? Has not Sir Amias possessed himself of all that was his brother's? Will he not say that this too came lawfully into his hands? No, Adonijah, there is manifest danger in your proposition. Think!

what may come to yourself, if it should be thought that you have wrongfully accused so great—aye, and so good a man—of such an offence."

"No matter, no matter," replied the Jew firmly; "we have here a bridle for the mouth of his rage. These jewels were yours. Did you not send your household priest with them to me for monies? We shall prove that. Did I not give my own monies for these jewels? Did I not give you back these jewels, and with this very hand? Did not that make the jewels your own properties? How came Sir Amias then to have them to sell to me, for you did say they were stolen from you? Truly the lidless eye of the Lord of Jacob hath watched this casket, and it hath been put twice into my hands, as the cup and the money were put into the sack of Benjamin. The famine in your fortune, sweet Lady, is now over and gone: we shall henceforth

wax great and strong. By the right of justice we shall overthrow and lead captive captivity."

Thus confident and encouraged, the Jew immediately prepared himself to go with the lady to the residence of the celebrated William of Wyckham. But, in the meantime, Ralph Hanslap had joined Sir Amias, and the alarm which they both felt on comparing their respective discoveries prompted them to lose no time in adopting the speediest means of frustrating the danger with which the reappearance of the heir of Rothelan was so manifestly fraught. It happened, however, that, in the course of the same day, messengers arrived from the north with an account of the Royal Scottish army having crossed the marches, in consequence of which King Edward set out to head his own barons, then assembling with their vassals at York. Among other noblemen, the Lord Mowbray

accompanied him with a splendid train, of which our young hero was the gayest appendage.

CHAPTER V.

A STATESMAN.

—Courtesie in his eye,—favour in his heart,—hope in his words,—withal a man of excellent probity; yet hath he one fault,—a blight to many virtues,—delay—that proceedeth either of some lack in himself, or misrule in his office, the which doth beget to his suitors griefs and sore damages.

THE CITY MAGISTRATE.

THE chronicler's description of King Edward's departure from Westminster is so full of life, spirit, and gallantry, that we shall not attempt to trace even the outline. Scenes of chivalry, and the pride, pomp, and panoply of war, accord not indeed with our domestic pencil. The colours on our pallet consist of the universal elements and properties of the heart, and the merit of the subjects on our canvass

must be found in something more endearing and enduring among mankind, than the fashions of the draperies, or the ornaments and architecture in the back-ground. Need we then be emulous to imitate those things which we regard but as the subordinate, when the more delicate and difficult present a far nobler scope to our best endeavours? Instead, therefore, of transcribing what is related of the composed dignity with which the knights set forward, manifesting, by the fortitude of their aspect, how justly experience had instructed them in the chances of war,—or of the curvetting of the squires, ambitious to be thought bolder than they felt,—or of the important looks of the young pages, so big with the greatness of the occasion,—or of the alehouse visages of the grooms, and the ribaldry of their farewells to their companions among the on-lookers;—instead of these things, or of the courageous shouts of the soldiery and of the people,—or of the waving of the pennons,—

or of the glittering of breast-plates,—or of the answering of trumpets,—or of wives clinging to their husbands, as they reluctantly dragged themselves from their embraces,—or of fond maidens that stood so far aloof, sighing, that for modesty they might not so cling to those who were as dear to them,—or of aged fathers silently shaking hands with blithe and brave sons;—instead of transcribing all that is said of these, we must entreat the courteous reader to imagine for himself in what manner the most peerless pen hath set them forth, and then follow Adonijah and the lady to Winchester-house.

It was in the evening, some hours posterior to the King's departure, that they were admitted to the presence of the bishop, whom they found, as our author tells us, a fair man, neither ruddy nor pale, but more inclined to the latter complexion, though, from the breadth and vigour of his frame, it might have been expected that his countenance

would have borne a deeper tinge of the other hue. But he was studious and temperate, and his patience in meditation, industry in thought, and frugality in all things pertaining to indulgence, were causes of that delicacy, which, without any sickliness, gave him, with a robust body, the look of one that lacks somewhat in the possession of his healthful energies. His voice was pleasant, and of a rich sound, but now and then a little sharpened in the accent, betokening that, however quick in humour he had been in his youth, the practice of a sedate benevolence had chastened, if it had not entirely subdued, whatever there was of temerity in his original temper. And this visible discipline was so manifest, that it lent something of the grace of kindness to his urbanity.

Affairs of the King having obliged him to let the lady and the Jew remain some time in the gallery, he was sitting when they were admitted to his presence. He spoke

condescendingly to them in apology, as they came forward, till he chanced to observe the lady; when, surprised at the superiority of her air, and touched by the soft sadness of her matronly beauty, he rose and led her to a seat.

"I am informed," said he, "that you have requested to see me alone, and particularly this evening. The sudden departure of the King to-day has thrown many things on my hands; but if there is such urgency in your business that it may not be deferred, I am ready and willing to give it all manner of consideration."

Adonijah, who was not requested to sit down, stood at some little distance; on hearing this, he came forward, and taking at the same time from his bosom the casket, he opened it, and presented it to the bishop, and began to relate the circumstances of his first bargain. During this recital, the bishop, who continued to look at the contents of the cas-

ket, appeared to endure more than to hear what was said. But when Adonijah spoke of the lady's misfortunes, and the interest he had himself taken in her condition, the casket was laid on the table, and the benevolent prelate, overlaying his hands on his lap, listened with a calm expression of wonder and attention.

The Jew having related all the circumstances in the history of the lady and her child, with which the reader is already acquainted,—having also explained the apprehensions which he entertained of the enmity of Sir Amias, and the motives which had induced him to solicit with the lady the interview so freely afforded,—paused, and remained some time in expectation of an answer. The bishop, however, continued for the space of several minutes silent; and Adonijah bending eagerly forward, with his left hand slightly elevated, seemed as if he read the thoughts that were passing in his mind: the lady, who, on coming into the room, had thrown her veil

aside, in the meantime drew it again over her face.

"Madam," said the bishop at last,—he was however interrupted for a moment, by the sudden gesture with which Adonijah clasped his hands in evident triumph,—"Madam, this is a singular story. There is in it much to breed suspicion to the prejudice of Sir Amias de Crosby; and if the things told be true, I shall not doubt the validity of your rights; but I am quite sure, that without some other evidence, there is not enough, in all the show of probabilities which this respectable man hath stated, to enable the King to redress your wrongs. Nevertheless, this I will do, and where a Jew has done so much, surely I ought not to stand too nicely on forms in a case so singular. Sir Amias de Crosby, as the Jew hath suggested, shall be privately invited hither, and I will myself sift him on the subject. However, the Jew shall have my special protection; and while your son is with

the Lord Mowbray, than whom there is not a truer nobleman in all England, you have nothing to fear on this account. I cannot, however, enter upon the business to-night, but to-morrow I will send for the knight, and in the evening, at this hour, come to me again."

So assured and comforted, Adonijah and the lady departed; but many things of public concernment so pressed next day on the bishop, that he had not leisure to fulfil his promise; and, in consequence, Ralph Hanslap and his patron had time to ripen their machinations to effect.

CHAPTER VI.

AN ALARUM.

By torch and trumpet-sound array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade;
And furious ev'ry charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.
BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

DURING the first three days of the King's journey nothing particular occurred; but when the royal cavalcade reached Newark on Trent, one of the Lord Mowbray's grooms was involved in a quarrel with two strangers, who, though later of coming in, insisted on taking possession of a stable which he had previously engaged. The quarrel, however, was soon settled; but the arrogance of the strangers was so remarkable, notwithstanding their appearance, which was that of simple

yeomen, that it had the effect of causing them to be particularly noticed. It even made them be regarded, especially by the Lord Mowbray's retinue, with some degree of suspicion. For, although their manners accorded with their appearance, their demeanour was yet so overweening, rude, and saucy, that it was evident they were retainers of some personage that could well back their insolency.

In the morning these strangers mingled with the royal train, and affected, in the remainder of the progress, to belong to it; but it was remarked of them, that they were unknown to every body, and that they appeared shy of entering into any kind of fellowship with the other servants. The Lord Mowbray's men were curiously jealous, and murmured to one another at the pertinacity with which they thought the strangers inclined to ride in their party, scowling at them when they chanced at any time to fall

together, and answering their civilest questions with a surly brevity.

On reaching Pontefract, messengers met the King with an account of the sack and burning of Durham, and his Majesty, thirsting to revenge the outrage, directed the Lord Mowbray to proceed forthwith to York, in order to set the army immediately in motion.

The Lord Mowbray accordingly, with a few attendants, carrying Rothelan with him, to whom he had, in the course of the journey, become much attached, went forward the same evening. He had not, however, proceeded above three or four miles from the gates of Pontefract, when a deep and sullen growl among his several servants announced the chagrin with which they found themselves dogged, as they called it, by the obtrusive strangers. But, as they were all travelling the King's highway in the same direction, it was impossible, so long as the others were so determined, to prevent them

from riding together. Mowbray's men, however, grew sulky, and some of them at different times not only rode against the horses of the strangers, but angrily accused them of jostling them, when the fault was evidently, purposely and with malice aforethought, committed by themselves.

But, however saucy the conduct of the two fellows had at first been, it was now clear that they would not be quarrelled with; and nothing, considering what seemed to be the natural currishness of their temperament, could more perfectly demonstrate than this self-control, that they were charged with some important trust. Thus, though many times sufficiently provoked to have justified immediate retaliation, they obstinately followed the Lord Mowbray to York, where he had no sooner arrived than the King's commands were communicated to the army.

The scene that ensued was well calculated to give an elevating impulse to the young

spirit of his page. When admitted by the ward at the gate, the city was all silent; long tiers of waggons loaded with the equipage of war encumbered the streets; here and there a light was yet burning in some upper window; and now and then, from the obscure and narrow lanes, the whoop and call of a midnight roister, or barred-out trooper, struck discordantly on his unaccustomed ear, as he passed on with the train to the castle.

But as soon as the Lord Mowbray had informed Sir Dick Danour, then governor, of his Majesty's orders, the alarum of a trumpet banished the stillness of the night; and, as if the lights had been struck out of the darkness by its shrill and piercing sound, there was on all sides a sparkling of candles and a flaming of torches so suddenly kindled, that young Rothelan shouted with admiration at the sight from the castle-wall. Where the boy stood, says our author, it was as if a shower of stars had fallen upon the town.

Then there was the stir and the trampling of horses; the cries of women; the hoarse rage of men in the confusion of haste; and the ponderous dragging of loaded wheels. Amidst the din and dissonance of that anarchy, the bell of the cathedral, like the voice of a sentinel that keeps ward in a storm, sounded the midnight hour. When it ceased, the soldiery, who had, in the meantime, mustered in the church-yards and the streets, gave a universal shout of bravery, and began their march.

The morning, however, was far advanced before the army had all passed the gates; and, in the meanwhile, the Lord Mowbray, with his attendants, had retired to rest, that they might be able to follow it betimes. But when he awoke and called for his page, he was told that the boy had risen early, and was gone out at the castle-gate. This did not much surprise him; he was indulgent to youthful curiosity, and accordingly,

without more heeding the circumstance, he prepared himself to join the march, expecting that Rothelan would return before the horses were ready. In this, however, he was disappointed, and, in consequence, after waiting some time, he became at last impatient, and sent out servants in quest of the truant: their search was unsuccessful; all they could learn was vague and unsatisfactory, amounting to little more, than that the child had been seen in the street.

The loss of so shrewd and handsome a page would, at any time, have grieved the Lord Mowbray; but a disappearance so unaccountable, together with the mystery which seemed to be attached to the boy, filled him, notwithstanding the cares of his public duties, with more than common inquietude. His servants were convinced that the two sullen strangers had some hand in the business; and indeed they were not wrong in these conjectures, for it was by them that

Rothelan was carried off, for which office they had been bribed and instigated by Ralph Hanslap.

CHAPTER VII.

ANCIENT CHIVALRY.

We rode and we rode till we came to a town,
A town ayont the border,
And there we herrit baith coffer and kest,
And rieved wi' right good order.

THE LOCHMABEN GARLAND.

At this crisis of the story, another hiatus occurs in the manuscript; we are, however, enabled partly to supply the deficiency, from a skilful digest of the circumstances which come to light in the sequel.

It appears, then, that Sir Amias de Crosby was not at that period brought before William of Wyckham; for when the bishop found leisure to send to Crosby-house to require his attendance, the messenger returned with an unsatisfactory answer, that the knight and his squire had, in the course of the preceding

day, privately retired across the channel to Bretaigne.

That they were induced to undertake so sudden a journey at such a time, in consequence of something which had occurred in the fortunes of Rothelan, must be sufficiently obvious; but the special circumstances are not mentioned, nor are we furnished with any account of what ensued to Adonijah and the Lady Albertina for some time afterwards, farther than it would seem they were permitted to live in London unmolested. The author in fact so surrenders his pen to the history of the Royal Campaign, that all private and particular concerns are neglected. It is certainly to be lamented, that so much fine writing should have been wasted on such common-place topics; but the courteous reader will justly appreciate the taste and discrimination with which we so give them the go-by, to use an elegant parliamentary phrase,

while we hasten to describe what befell our hero.

The two knaves had been watching at the castle-gate, when Rothelan, led by the curiosity of boyhood, went out in the morning to look at the departure of the army, and availing themselves of the confusion in the city, they contrived to draw him, some how or another, the precise manner is not mentioned, into a house, where they detained him till long after the Lord Mowbray had left the town. By quick journies, and by lone lanes apart from the route of the army, they afterwards carried him to the Scottish camp at Durham, and there found means to sell him, as a prisoner that would probably be profitably ransomed, to an old captain, one Gabriel de Glowr of Falaside. Here we should state, that there is a curious note, full of the most profound erudition, appended in the original, by which it would seem, that Gabriel de

Glowr was not the exact name of that ancient worthy, but a translation or improved version, the real name being, in the vernacular of his countrymen, Glowring Gibby. Gabriel de Glowr is, however, the more genteel and Romanesque sounding of the two; we shall, therefore, retain it, more especially as we do not write for the public, but only for the Exquisites of the Trongate, the peripatetics of the Steam-boat quay, and the wigged Wits of the Stove, critics all particularly genteel in their own notions and manners. But to return to Gabriel de Glowr.

Like a few other warriors then in the Scottish camp, this veteran tenant *in capite* having followed their young King, the son of the ever-famous Bruce, to the invasion of England, not so much to win laurels as to gather gear, was mightily pleased with the prize that he had obtained in the richly-vestured page; in so much, that in showing the perplexed and wondering boy to some of his

compatriots, he told them, that the two lads who brought the stripling in, though they had the looks and the tongues of Southrons, were not really unreasonable to deal with. Why should they?—had they not their profit in the agreement with Ralph Hanslap?—what they got from Falaside was but supplementary.

When the news of the approach of the royal English army reached the camp, the Scottish chiefs obliged their young King to sound a retreat,—the chronicler says, to preserve the spoil which they had taken in the campaign. But this is a manifest libel on their chivalry, which we shall not take the trouble to expose more particularly, but proceed to mention, that, in those days, it was the custom for Jews and their emissaries, much in the same manner as it has been in latter times, for the agents of many respectable Firms to hover with the ravens and vultures on the skirts of the armies, in order to buy plunder or supply necessaries. Among

others attracted to the Scottish camp for that purpose was Shebak, the brother of Adonijah.

Why he, such an Hebrew Jew, should have attached himself to the Scottish camp may be thought very improbable, especially as it is only within these few years that any Jew has been able to pick up a living in Edinburgh. Perhaps he calculated, that the Scots, among their English plunder, would find many things of which they knew neither the use nor the value, and would in consequence sell them cheap. Be this, however, as it may, there Shebak was; and while the soldiery were packing up to return home, it chanced that, in going his rounds, he came to the tent of the canny Gabriel de Glowr.

Shebak, though partly acquainted with the generous interest which Adonijah had taken in the misfortunes of the Lady Albertina, was yet so little in his brother's confidence, as never to have seen her son. But even if he

had seen him, and often too, it was not likely he should have recognised him in the appearance which Rothelan then made. For Gabriel de Glowr, afraid lest his gay attire should be ruined by the mishaps of a retreat over the moors and mires of the border, had stript the little warrior, and dressed him in a pair of breeches, part of the plunder of the mayor's house of Durham; and the mayor being, of course, a portly personage, the waistband was so wide, that it was obliged to be drawn together by a string round the child's neck, and slips for his arms were cut through the pockets. In this disguise, he was standing at the entrance to the tent of Gabriel de Glowr, somewhat malcontent with his metamorphosis, when, as we were saying, Shebak in his vocation chanced to come by, and inquired, in passing, at the veteran, if he had any thing to dispose of.

Never was visit more opportune; for Gabriel de Glowr being just then in the act of fold-

ing up the embroidered dress, readily entertained a proposal which Shebak made to him to treat for it. But what passed between them on the occasion will supply matter for another chapter. It is, however, here proper to mention, that the whole transaction is an exact transcript of the original text. Our taste and judgment is not therefore to be called in question, on account of the uncouth, it may be obsolete, phraseology. Perhaps this caveat is unnecessary, as it is well known that we have a most decided and pertinacious aversion to such peculiarities of manner and of style. They may be expressive,—we doubt not they are characteristic,—but then they are not adapted to the taste of that select few, above alluded to, for whom we write, and by whom we are so liberally patronised.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SCOT AND A JEW.

He said they were a groat owre dear.
OLD SONG.

THE Jew, says the manuscript in these words, seeing Sir Gabriel de Glowr cressing and close-folding, for convenience of carriage, the broidered vestments of the little page, who was there sullenly standing by, garbed in the heretofore-mentioned nether portion of the mayor's apparel, whether taken from his worship's breech, or guardrobe, no man now living can depone, propounded to give money for the same ; and Gabriel de Glowr hearing him, with such greedy ears as are used by sordid usurers at the music of coin, turned quickly round with his eager eyes, as his habitude

and manner was, and beholding the Jew with a sack on his shoulder, forthwith began to chaffer with him for the profitable translation of the attire.

"What will ye gie me?" said Gabriel de Glowr, in reply to the Socratic address of Shebak.

"They are not worth many monies: I will give you one rose noble for them."

"One rose deevil!" cried Gabriel de Glowr; "they're worth three hundred merk gin they're worth a bodle. Gae awa' wi' you, ye cheatrie loon. A rose noble! I canna but say the rest o't."

"Well, but let me look at the clothes."

"Look and feed your een. Whan saw ye the like o' that? It's a' solid gold; there's mair gold about the whirliwhaw o' that ae button-hole than in the whole bouk o' a rose noble."

"I will not say," replied Shebak, after having narrowly examined the entire suit,

"I will not say that they are not worth a rose noble; they are worth more monies."

"Aye, aye, weel did I ken that," exclaimed Gabriel de Glowr. "Ye'll no wyle the ear-rings out the lugs o' a Scotchman, as ye herrit the silly folk o' Egypt langsyne."

Shebak, seeing that his candid admission of the greater value of the clothes had disposed the warrior to have more confidence in him, said—

"Well, sir, I will give you five rose nobles; that is a great price; and I would not give so much, but the English are near;" and he added, significantly, "there may be a battle."

"Hoot, hoot, man—a battle!—it's little ye ken about that. Do ye see yon lad wi' the brass pan on his back, and yon ither wi' a pair o' tangs? he'll mak twa gude swords out o' the shanks o' them. A battle!—I redde ye look about you in the camp, and see the gear and plenishing that we a' hae gotten frae

the spulzie o' the town. Battle! we hae mair sense. There has na been sic profit in war to the Scots since the battle o' Bannockburn."

"Aye, that was a grand fight," replied Shebak. "The Scotsmen, they were so brave there, and what spoils they made!"

Gabriel de Glowr's national vanity threw him off his guard for a moment; but suddenly recovering, he darted one of his most intelligent stares at Shebak, and then slyly smiling, said—

"Weel, ye're a pawkie bodie; 'odsake, ye Jew, but ye're dreadfu' cunning;" and he poked Shebak with his forefinger good-humouredly in the side, but in such sincerity, that the Jew gave a yell, and retired apart, writhing as if in actual agony from the thrust.

"Well, but—," said Shebak coming again up to the charge, "what monies will you take for the clothes?"

“ Just five and twenty rose nobles,—I'll no faik a farthing.”

“ Five and twenty rose nobles !” exclaimed Shebak, raising his eyes and spreading his hands in consternation.

“ Five and twenty,” replied Gabriel de Glowr, “ and every ane o' them full weight.”

“ I will give you six,—I will not give you one more.”

“ I ken that weel,” said Gabriel de Glowr, “ ye'll no gie me one more, but ye'll just gie me ten and nine, the whilk makes nineteen, and wi' the sax, just five and twenty.”

“ Very well, I will give you,” replied Shebak, and he drew a purse from his bosom-pocket.

“ They are very pretty,” said Shebak, as he counted out the nobles upon his own palm, in the hope that the sight would tempt the Scot. “ They are every one all weight; never more pretty rose nobles came from the

mint. There, see ten,—you see I have no more in my purse,—I will give them all to you—all these ten good rose nobles. By the seed of Abraham, I shall be ruined if I give you so many."

"Five and twenty's my mark," replied Gabriel de Glowr, "so muddle in the neuk o' your pouch, and fin' gin ye have na anither wee bit pursie."

After some further colloquy and remonstrance of the same pith and marrow, Shebak did put his hand into his bosom, and drew out another purse, in which he had seven pieces of gold; but still, however, the stout Gabriel de Glowr would not abate a fraction of his price. Then the Jew went away, and the warrior laid the dress aside. In the course, however, of a few minutes Shebak came back.

"I hear," said he, "that the English will soon be up—there will be a battle."

"Pooh!" said the warrior. "How mony

mae nobles has your purse kittlet?—Five and twenty's my price."

"I have got from a friend four more. By the seed of Abraham, twenty and one rose nobles for the dress of a small boy!"

"Gang awa' to your friend, and fetch the lave, like a clever creature, and then we'll hae some farther discourse."

Shebak went again away, and soon after returning with five and twenty pieces, he began to count them into the hand of Gabriel de Glowr; at the twenty-fourth he paused, concealing the twenty-fifth in his palm with the end of his thumb.

"My price I have raised," said Gabriel coolly. "I'll no tak one less than thirty."

Shebak uttered a wild and shrill cry, and snatching away his gold, hastily retired. "Jewman, ho, Jewman!" cried the warrior to him, "come back, or I'll maybe grow dearer."

Shebak looked round, and pausing, began

to grope in his bosom; after a short time he then drew out his hand, and approaching towards the tent, he said—

"Let me look again at the broiderie."

Gabriel de Glowr did so, when hastily gathering the clothes into his arms, Shebak held out the thirty pieces and ran off; but the wary warrior was not to be so taken by surprise. He pursued the Jew, and catching him between the shoulders, he drew him back.

"Out wi' your balance, and weight the gold, or I'll maybe gar some o' my lads rip your pouches."

Shebak reluctantly drew out his balance and weighed the pieces, and three being found deficient, he was obliged to supply their place with others.

"Noo," said Gabriel de Glowr, when the business was thus finished, "ye ken weel that ye hae twa balances, the one to weight what ye gie out, and the other to weight what

ye take in; but I'll no be extortionate for a' your cheatrie. Ye'll just quietly gie me back the three lack-weights to make up for a' defects, and I'll let ye gang scaithless; but if ye dinna, I'll take your head atween my knees, and knap out your teeth with a hammer till ye have done me justice."

The Jew looked up to the heavens, but seeing no sign of miracle in his favour, gave the three light pieces, and went away shuddering. At that moment the trumpet sounded, and all the camp was soon in motion.

CHAPTER IX.

A RETREAT.

As down the steeps defiling,
With drums and hautboys playing,
You might have seen their glancing arms,
And heard the horses neighing.
THE TEMPTATIONS OF ST ANTHONY.

THAT philosopher was worthy of his immortality, who recommended to his friend never to refuse the offer of any present or favour, however trifling, though the thing at the time should seem to be neither of use nor of value, since occasion, said he, may arise in which it will be found to be of both. On the same principle, we would say, that no man should ever regret any accident that befalls him; for in the end he will probably experience, however disagreeable it may have been in the

occurrence, that the impressions which it leaves behind give him ever afterwards, in many affairs, a certain and decided advantage. And thus it has happened, that while reading the manuscript for the purpose of concentrating the author's description of the retreat of the Scottish army from Durham, we found in that description numberless points and circumstances which we should not have been in any condition to comprehend, had we not in the days of our juvenile indiscretion crossed the ridges of Mount Hæmus amidst the whirlwinds and clouds of a snow-storm, and seen a Visier's Anarchy, and been partaker of the courtesies of Russians at war with the Ottomans.

Well do we recollect the alarm with which we beheld the clouds on that occasion rising and rolling between us and the nether world, and the drift swirling up from among them like the spray from off the waves, as seen from some high headland. Then the resolute

sullenness with which we plied both heel and hand, in that crisis of man and horse, when the snow-shower rose around, making us feel as if Death himself, in a palpable form, was pursuing us with an extended winding-sheet, which, but that it was fluttered by the wind, we expected every minute he would throw over us. In the growl of our spirit, we complained of the inutility of being constrained into such sublime jeopardy, little sensible of the sketches which Alarm and Despair were then so wildly dashing on the memory, and with which the easl of Patient Study was afterwards to be enriched. But this is no place for personal adventures; all we meant to say was, that in consequence of the journey alluded to, we feel ourselves in possession of many probable circumstances in the spoil-encumbered retreat of Gabriel de Glowr, with which, if we might take so great a liberty, we could fill up and colour the meagre outline of our author's narrative with respect

to it, believing, as we do, that the desultory discipline of a Scottish band in the fourteenth century was not unlike what we have seen of a Turkish in the nineteenth. But the fidelity with which, from the beginning, we have adhered to the contents of THE BOOK, restrains us from interweaving any of our own knowledge or experience with the warp and woof of the text. We shall, therefore, simply state, that it would appear few of the Scottish warriors were more successful than Gabriel de Glowr in the value of the spoil and trophies gathered in the invasion of England; and that the riches of his acquisitions afford a sufficient key to the motives which induced him, as soon as the signal for the retreat was sounded, to make the best of his way home.

Accordingly, when King David Bruce, on his retreat from Durham, proceeded to the assault of Werk castle, then defended by the renowned Joan Plantagenet, the ever-celebrated Countess of Salisbury, of whose merits

and magnanimity we shall have occasion hereafter to speak, in relating what the Chronicler says of the origin and institution of the most noble order of the Garter, Gabriel de Glowr parted from the royal army, and with the laurels he had gathered in the campaign, (*videlicit*, webs, weapons, and culinary utensils, to say nothing of the rose nobles, and half-a-score of Northumberland beeves,) waded the Tweed with his band, taking our young hero into Scotland. Where he forded the stream is not stated; the Chronicler only says, that having crossed the river, Gabriel de Glowr and his men took a path over the hills towards the north-west, while the King advanced towards Werk.

It was then late in the afternoon; the sun was low, and ever and anon as the army was seen undulating in its serpentine course over the heights and hollows, Gabriel de Glowr halted, and looking back, said to his men, "Is na yon a brave sight?"

Now and then the glancing of armour scintillated out from the grey and moving mound of soldiery with a scattered and momentary splendour, like the sparklings of the anvil under the hammer; at others, the whole line was suddenly kindled, and presented to the young imagination of the admiring Rothelan a glorious rampart of fire; sometimes but portions of the long array were visible, interposing hills and swelling knolls, concealing the main body, while here and there, like sparks thrown out upon the fields, straggling deserters might be seen, their breastplates glimmering to the setting sun. From time to time, the roll of a drum, or the shrill sound of a trumpet, was heard, and then a rustle came through the calm of the evening air like the noise of a rushing stream or the stir of the breeze in the woods when the dry leaves are sear and yellow.

With what array of vassals Gabriel de Glowr had left his own fortalice when he

marched to the invasion of England, we have no means of forming any estimate; but the train with which he waded the Tweed on his return consisted, besides the page, of seven stalwart and shaggy rievers, with iron caps and rusty breastplates, driving before them four or five small horses laden with household gear, and, as we have already mentioned, about half-a-score of Northumberland beeves. He was himself, armed with sword and spear, on horseback. Rothelan, too young and delicate always to endure the fatigue of marching with the men, was often placed by them on one of the beasts of burden, and when seated between the sacks of spoil, it would seem, by the blitheness of his looks, that though he considered himself a prisoner, he suffered no dismay of spirit from the mischance which had befallen him. On the contrary, he even won favour in the sight of those rough Scots, by boasting that he would some day make them repay the price of his clothes with usury.

"It's a spunkie or a fairy," said Gabriel de Glowr. "I wish it may let us get hame wi' the banes in our bodies." A wish that really in a moment after appeared very doubtful; for the band happening then to be winding down a steep bank to cross a brook, Gabriel's steed came near the horse on which Rothelan was sitting, and the prankful boy goading it with a stick, the charger reared so suddenly, that the rider was unseated and thrown headlong down the hill, to the great peril of his neck and prejudice of his habiliments. As he lay head downward, grappling among the bushes that fringed the edge of the brook, he looked up with a red face at the laughing Page, and banned his waggery, but not in anger.

CHAPTER X.

A FORAY.

Musselbrugh was a brugh
  When Edinbrugh was nane,
And Musselbrugh will be a brugh
  When Edinbrugh is gane.

An Old Prophecy.

When King David the Second and his bold peers invaded England, the Chronicler very pertinently observes, that it was not for nothing; on the contrary, it would appear there was a great expectancy in Scotland of marvellous treasures to be brought into the realm by that adventure. Accordingly, when the news arrived at Edinburgh and the adjacent towns of the sack and plunder of the rich palatine city of Durham, a wonderful spirit arose, prompting both gentle and semple to go forth

in order to partake of the spoil of York; for no less was then confidently expected to follow.

What preparations were made in other places is not particularly recorded, but in Musselburgh the patriotism and ardour were exemplary to all posterity.

One of the municipal dignitaries, whether provost or bailie we have not been able to ascertain, notwithstanding all the diligence of our research among the archives of the town-council, having by tooke of drum gathered together the burgesses, marched at their head towards the Border, with the public intent of re-enforcing the royal army, so profitably employed in England, and the private expectation of replenishing their own purses.—Their wives, actuated by a spirit no less commendable, resolved to partake of their glory and their trophies. With this view they provided themselves with creels, and baskets, and aprons of vast amplitude, many of them taking the

sheets from their beds for the purpose, if in those days Scottish beds had sheets.—Thus equipped with suitable equipages to bring home loads of treasure, the thrifty wives of Musselburgh followed their warlike husbands to the field.

It happened, however, before the Musselburghers reached the Tweed, that the rumour met them of the King's retreat. This was a woful disappointment to their chivalrous aspirations, and they in consequence resolved to return home; in the performance of which resolution they reached Carberry-hill on the same evening that Gabriel de Glowr and his spoil-encumbered band expected to arrive at his redoubtable fortalice of Falaside.

Being, as our author says, somewhat wearied and dejected by the unsuccessful issue of their adventure, the worthy Musselburghers set themselves down on the south side of the hill, partly to rest after their day's hard

journey; but chiefly, he thinks, to allow the night to close, that they might in the darkness softly slip unnoticed into the town, and thereby escape the scoffs and jeers of their neighbours, among whom were certain cold and calculating characters, who but lightly esteemed the public spirit by which their heroic souls had been so laudably animated.

The men sullenly churmed and muttered short and uncivil sentences towards each other, the natural breathings of frustrated expectation; the wives silent, but in no winning mood, sat with their weary backs resting against their empty baskets—their spacious aprons drawn around their shoulders for plaids; whilst the dignitary who had led them forth to battle, or, rather it should be said, to gather the crumbs of victory, aloof and alone stood leaning against a blasted ash, pathetically ruminating on the vanity of human wishes. In this disconsolate state, some one

of the party chanced to descry afar off the band of Gabriel de Glowr heavily making its way towards Falaside.

The Musselburghers, men and wives, at the sight started from the ground, and with a shout proposed to their leader that they should endeavour to indemnify themselves for the grievous disappointment they had suffered, by attacking the Falaside reivers, and taking from them some of that spoil of which they had possessed themselves by no other right, reason, or merit, than the accident of being with the royal army when their common sovereign and liege lord made himself master of Durham.

Their respectable magistrate most cordially assented to this judicious proposal; and our author proceeds to relate, that the wives forthwith, abandoning their creels and baskets, began to tie stones in the corners of their aprons, and to take off their stockings, putting stones into the feet thereof; so making them into

weapons of powerful efficacy in the flourish of free fighting. We are not, however, inclined to admit the correctness of all this, having some historical doubts relative to the stockings.

When the Amazons of Musselburgh had thus girded their resolution, and thus armed themselves for battle, their valiant husbands drew their swords, and the whole party advanced with a determined air against their more successful neighbour. For the fortalice of Falaside stood, and still stands, on a hill which overlooks the "honest town," and the magistrate and the chieftain were well known to each other, and had often been couthy together.

The band of Gabriel de Glowr seeing the approach of such a formidable array, halted on the heath, not daunted, but only troubled in mind on account of the danger which thus suddenly menaced their booty. Their leader held a council of war without dismounting, and the result, as seen in what ensued, was,

that the preservation of the spoil should be attempted before hazarding a battle with such fearful odds. Accordingly the cattle, with the horses, on one of which little Rothelan was seated between two sacks of plunder, were driven towards the castle by two of the men, while Gabriel de Glowr, with the other five, bravely advanced to meet the Musselburghers.

Clinkscales, for so the worthy magistrate was called, seeing this demonstration on the part of the enemy, separated his forces into two divisions. The burghers he drew up in a compact body, and halted them on the brow of a knoll, while the wives, acting as light infantry, nimbly extending to the right and left, formed themselves into two crescents, and moving at double-quick time, flourishing their weapons round their heads, like slingers preparing to throw, rushed in upon the beeves and horses, and enclosed them within a circle. This skilful and intrepid movement decided the fortune of the day without bloodshed;

for Gabriel de Glowr, seeing all that was dear to him on the field thus suddenly surrounded, clapped spurs to his horse, and riding up to the Musselburghers, demanded a parley. Clinkscales, seeing him thus advancing alone and unguarded, went forward to meet him, according to the laws of war provided for the regulation of such conferences.

"Gude guide us, Clinkscales!" said Gabriel de Glowr, reining his steed, "what's a' this hobbleshaw about, and what for stand ye there, backed wi' your burghers and betherels as if honest men were moss-troopers?"

"Where lifted ye yon cattle, Sir Gabriel?" replied Clinkscales calmly; "and whase gear hae ye gotten in yon pocks?"

"I'm sure," said Gabriel de Glowr, "I'll no ca' you a fool for your pains in speering; I canna, however, but say, that I think ye're no blate to scald your lips in other folk's kale. The cattle are mine—the gear's mine—my own lawfu' conqueshing. Let that serve you;

and gang hame and look after the ill-doers o' your ain gate-end."

"I ha'e the King's power and authority," replied the magistrate valiantly, "and I'll suffer no spulzie to prosper withouten question; therefore and thereanent, Sir Gabriel, show your rights, or maybe ye maun fin' the weight o' my battle-axe."

"Na, surely, Clinkscales, ye're beside yoursel'; what ye see 's just the harvest-thrift o' my part o' the ploy at Durham."

"Ye say sae," replied the magistrate, "and I'll no say that I ha'e ony cause o' reason to misdoot you; but no to summer and winter mare about it; ye'll just make a clean surrender o' the debateable goods over and until our custody, for fear o' complaints."

"Complaints! de'il's in the man,—complaints! wha dare make complaint? Is there sic a fool ayont Alnwick water, as will come o'er the border to make a complaint of Falaside?"

"What ye say, Sir Gabriel, is very discreet; that maun be alloo't; but ye ken, when the realms are left in a manner defenceless, a' magistrates, and those that sit in council with them, are beholden, nay, I may weel say commanded, to see that no scaith comes to the lieges. In short, Sir Gabriel, ye'll do weel to conform."

Sir Gabriel, however, did not appear at that moment so inclined—he looked around—he saw the sullen valour of his men—he then eyed the burghers with a red and wrathful countenance; but Clinkscales, though noting his rising passion, turned, and said as if he heeded him not—

"Men of Musselburgh, ye'll gang forrit yonder and help your wives to drive the wan-own't cattle to the town."—He then added, in a very reasonable manner, addressing Gabriel de Glowr—"The beasts, Sir Gabriel, shall be weel seen to, till the rights o' the matter ha'e been sifted in due course of law."

"Law! deevils and daggers, Clinkscales, ha'e ye the audacity to speak o' law to me? Surely the man's bereft o' his judgment. Deevil do me good o' thee;" and with that Gabriel de Glowr drew his sword, and would have cleft the magistrate to the chin, but Clinkscales leapt suddenly aside, and cried—

"Men of Musselburgh, men of Musselburgh, come hither and catch this outstrapolous rebel! He shall answer to the King for gainsaying my lawful authority."

Gabriel de Glowr was, however, more roused than daunted by the determination of Clinkscales; and his followers seeing the jeopardy of their leader, courageously surrounded him, and with knotted brows and drawn swords demonstrated their resolution to die in his defence.

"Hooly, hooly!" exclaimed the worthy magistrate, seeing things coming to the peril of such extremity,—"it's no for neighbours like you and me, Sir Gabriel, to cast out. A

thought has come into my head, the whilk ye'll say is very reasonable. We'll mak a paction: ye'll peaceably deliver up to me the ae half o' what ye ha'e gotten—maybe, as ye say, true enough—according to the laws of war—and I'll alloo you to tak the other half in like peaceable manner, home to your ain house."

Some farther conversation and remonstrance ensued, but the burghers having the advantage of the field, Gabriel de Glowr was in the end obliged to capitulate on the terms proposed; not, however, without a secret determination to take the earliest opportunity of avenging his wrongs on the honest town. Thus arose those feuds between the burghers of Musselburgh and the barons of Falaside, of which, on some other occasion, we may perhaps be induced to enter more at large. In the meantime, following the text of our authority, it is here requisite that we should leave the captive Page in the hands of Gabriel

de Glowr, and proceed to relate the progress elsewhere of other greater events, which in the sequel so materially affected his fame and fortunes.

CHAPTER XI.

A SIEGE.

I dreamt in my swoon on Thursday even,
  In my bed whereon I lay—
I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
  Had carried my crown away.
My gorget and my kirtle of gold,
  And all my fair head-gear;
And he would worry me with his beak,
  And to his nest y-bear.

SIR ALDINGAR.

THE Scottish army, after Gabriel de Glowr had left it, proceeded, as we have stated, towards Werk Castle, at that time defended by the celebrated Countess of Salisbury, in the absence of the Earl, her Lord. This lady, sprung from the blood royal, and the fairest of the age, was not so much elevated, says

the romantic Chronicler, above all woman-kind by her illustrious birth, and unparalleled beauty, as by the natural dignity of her spirit and the greatness of her virtues.

Towards the close of the afternoon, while tree and town were bright in the setting sun, and the rivers here and there still sparkled in his level beam, as the Countess was walking on the castle walls, attended by her maidens, she beheld the Scottish spears over a neighbouring wood, glittering and glancing to and fro, as they came forward, like streamers beyond the northern clouds.

Having no apprehension of the enemy being so near, though she had, in the course of the day, heard that the Scots were returning home, she was at first greatly alarmed at the appearance of such a formidable array; but soon collecting the strength of her lofty character, she ordered the servants and soldiers in the castle to arm themselves and man the walls, resolved not to surrender without

proving the valour of her garrison.—Thus was the Scottish King frustrated of the expectation he had formed of taking the castle by a sudden assault; for, as he approached the walls, he saw every battlement and turret clustered with warriors: the lady herself, in a white robe, was seen moving among them, and often with uplifted arm kindling their manly courage by the bravery of her feminine exhortations.

King David being determined to take the castle, ordered his men to invest it on all sides; and he summoned the Countess by sound of trumpet to surrender.

Her answer was a defiance, which she delivered herself from the wall to the Scottish King in person.

"This," said she, "is a lady's bower, which may not be uncourteously entered."

"I am loth," replied the young King, "to disturb the gentle pastimes of a lady's bower; but it is now even-tide, and we have come far

to-day; in sooth, fair lady, we would roost with you to-night, and it were to save ruder parley to give us let at once to partake of your good cheer."

"I doubt not," said the Countess, with a smile, "you have come far and fast too; for it is rumoured that King Edward is behind you."

The King turned round to certain of his lords who were standing by, and said—

"By our Lady, her fare lacks no sauce." He then spoke to her again.

"The night comes apace, madam, I beseech you to open the gates."

"I am grieved to seem so lacking in hospitality; but the gates of this castle cannot be opened from within. When my Lord left, he turned the keys on the outside, and unless your Majesty can undo the locks, I fear the sky to-night must be your tester."

"Say you so in earnest, Lady?"

"In right good earnest, please your Majesty."

"Shall we be baffled by this termagant?" cried the King, somewhat chafed to be so calmly defied; and he thereupon presently turned himself to order the soldiers to come up. In the same moment, the Countess waved her hand towards a band of archers who were standing on a battlement behind that portion of the curtain-wall where this parley was held, and they levelled their bows.

Some of the Scottish nobles who were near the King, seeing the jeopardy in which he was so suddenly placed, stepped in between him and the castle, and spread their shields over him just as the bowmen drew their strings.

The shafts rattled harmless on the shields, and some of them were shivered by the shock, but none did any detriment.

The Countess laughed, and called aloud to the King, for the encouragement of her own men, who were all fired with her bravery,— "The grey goose wing is a sorry supper;

but there is no better cheer for your Majesty in Werk."

The Scottish archers, however, did not long leave her to triumph in that sort. Seeing the danger in which their King stood, they came briskly forward, and drawing their arrows to the head, daunted the Lady's bowmen, for her sake, exposed as she was on the castle wall, from repeating the shower, till his Majesty was removed beyond their reach. This was, however, but a brief pause; for the Lady again bade her men shoot, and fear not for her. Whereupon, what with the dust that rose from the dinting of the shafts on the walls and towers, together with the hail of arrows flying between the archers of the garrison and the assailants, our author says the castle appeared as if it had been shrouded in mist. Little blood, he adds, was pierced on either side by this waste of quivers; but in the meantime, some of the Scottish soldiers had hewn down several large trees, and were

bringing their trunks up for battering-rams; which the Countess observing, ordered a great fire of all sorts of beams and brands to be kindled in the court of the castle, and when the Scots came with their engines under the defences of the gates, she caused the burning faggots and rafters to be so hurled upon them, that many threw down the huge timbers to save themselves, and thereby so crushed the feet and limbs of their fellows, that on all sides frightful yells, and the cries of burnt and wounded men, were heard amidst the shouts and the rage and confusion of fighting.

By this time, continues the Chronicler, the darkness of the night added to the terrors of that storm of wrath and weapons. The flames of the great fire within the court of the castle, rising red and high, shed a wild and dismal splendour on the towers, while the walls without were all in the blackness of shadow. Then might you have seen the combatants;—those of the castle were like

dingy Moors,—the light striking on their backs—their weapons flashing like torches round their heads as they ever and anon stooped forward to strike down the assailants;—the Scots, with their upturned faces, brightened by the light, appeared like fiery demons climbing and scaling out of the abysses of darkness;—and the Lady Salisbury was seen standing on the corner of a tower like a bright and blazing beacon, which from some tall and leeward cliff overlooks the rage and weltering of the breaking waves.

The Scottish King seeing that the castle was not to be so easily won as he had expected, after several vain attempts to burn the gates, called off his men for the night, resolved to renew the assault in the morning, thinking by that time the Countess, having had leisure to reflect on the unequal odds with which she was contending, might be more disposed to treat with him. But what he regarded as the weakness of the fortress, a

woman-governor, proved its best strength; for her constancy of purpose and singular magnanimity did so animate and encourage the garrison, that the meanest servitor of the hall was as lordly in the bravery of his resolution as the proudest noble that sat at supper with the King. Before the morning, however, news arrived that the English army was fast approaching, and the Scottish nobles, still anxious to preserve the spoil of Durham, instead of consenting to renew the attack, spoke only of returning home. In vain did the youthful son of the heroic Bruce remind them of the glories of their fathers' valour, their own hardiment, and the dishonour of making themselves, by avarice, so like fugitives before their ancient enemies; but all heroism was absorbed in their gain, in so much, that about noon, when King Edward arrived at Werk, he found no other traces of the Scottish army there, than the broken weapons of the overnight assault—the trunks

of the trees which had been felled for engines —and here and there the bodies of the few who had been slain in the conflict.

CHAPTER XII.

A KING AND A LADY.

For love is, as the tuneful poets sing,
An easy lesson to the gentle heart.

THE WORD OF HONOUR.

THE English King, our authority goes on to state, was mightily rejoiced when he heard of the heroic spirit of his fair cousin, and after halting his forces on the fields and rising grounds around Werk, went forward to the castle, attended by the Lord Mowbray and other Barons, to visit the Lady Salisbury, and to bestow his praise and gratulations for the brave defiance with which she had resisted a royal army.

His Majesty had not seen her from the days of their childhood, and he was so much

ravished by the sight of her beauty, that he stood, says the Chronicler, as if he had been enchanted, marvelling and communing with himself whether so delightful a vision could have grown out of the little playful child with whom, in his tender years, he was wont to riot in many a prankful pastime. Anon, after gently expressing his delight at beholding her, forgetting altogether the purport of his visit, he took her by the hand and led her into the castle; for she had come forth to welcome him at the gates. The Lord Mowbray and those who were with him being left behind, looked at each other for some time, admiring by what sudden spell his Majesty was so strangely overcome; and then they silently followed the Countess and him into the hall, where they found the tables spread with a hasty banquet.

The King, on the invitation of the Lady, sat down to partake of the cheer; but it was remarked of him, that he tasted little, choosing

rather to feast his eyes with the contemplation of his fair kinswoman. The Lady herself was at first visibly disconcerted by the worship of his admiration, and answered his ardent looks and young remembrances of their old fellowship with some degree of panic and perplexity. It was soon, however, remarked by those who were around, that she regained possession of her tranquillity, and in some measure repressed, by the sustained calmness of her demeanour, the ardour with which her royal kinsman seemed inclined to regard her.

When his Majesty spoke to her of their early pastimes on the sunny heights of Windsor, she told him of her children, and boasted of her eldest son as a bold boy, who promised to prove as brave a Knight as his father, but whom in comeliness he would never parallel; and when the King expressed his delight at seeing her in such exceeding beauty, she inquired concerning the health of her gracious

cousin, Queen Philippa, tenderly commending her manifold merits, and lamenting that the absence of Lord Salisbury obliged herself to reside so far from the court, exposed to the contumelies of war, and the rude chances which await its adventures.

"For," said she, "though the defencelessness of a forlorn Lady be dear to the honour of all true Knights, many wear the part of knighthood who but little reverence such consecration."

In discreet discourse, after this manner, she continued, from time to time, to remind him of what was due to her and to himself, repressing the evident passion with which he was kindled by the modest delicacy of these rebukes, and the gentle dignity of her serene eyes, the pure glances of whose brightness was as the beaming of the heavenly stars. But in the midst of this communion, a noise of clamour and contest at the bottom of the hall, with the occasional cry and complaint of one

in rough hands, drew the King's attention, and he commanded silence and order. Instead, however, of being obeyed, the dissonance continued, and presently one of the Lord Mowbray's servants, with the dress which belonged to Rothelan in the one hand, and Shebak, grasped by the throat, struggling to escape from the other, appeared coming towards the table from amongst the crowd.

His Majesty knowing by the livery of the retainer to whom he belonged, sharply desired the Lord Mowbray to control his unmannerly groom.

"It is a strange cause and tale that makes him unmannerly," replied the Baron, observing the embroidered dress of Rothelan, but not altogether content at being so hastily addressed by the King before so many of the peers. However, he rose, and, quitting the banquet-board, went to where the servant and the Jew were engaged in their manual controversy. After some conference with

them both, he returned to the table, bringing part of the dress in his hand, and which he showed to the King and the Lady, recounting the history of Rothelan,—how the boy had been commended to him by Sir Amias de Crosby—in what way he had disappeared at York—lauding his young capacity, address, and beauty, and lamenting that he had fallen into the hands of such a sordid Scot as Sir Gabriel de Glowr had proved himself to be, by disposing of the boy's garb to the Jew.

The Lady Salisbury, though melted to sorrow, at the hearing of such mischance having befallen the orphan page, was yet none dissatisfied at the interruption which it had caused to the particular affection of the King's discourse; and she suggested to the Lord Mowbray, that the dress should be left at Werk Castle, to the end that some inquiry might be made among the peasants of the neighbourhood, and, through their means,

among the Scottish Borderers concerning Gabriel de Glowr, whose name Shebak having accidentally heard, fortunately recollected. The Chronicler then states, that notwithstanding the implacable feuds which, from the era of the violation of Scotland by King Edward the First, had raged between the two nations, there was nevertheless an interchange of many occasional civilities between the Borderers, especially with respect to the transmission of messages and proposals concerning the ransom of prisoners or of cattle. To the credit, however, of the Northern troopers, it may be said, that they rather chose to prove by the valour of their deeds, the value which they set on what the Southrons took from them, than by the reckoning of merks,—spur, or speare, being the coin in which a Scottish ransom was in those days most commonly paid. But to return to our story.

King Edward observing the soft and feminine compassion which the Lady Salisbury

showed for the fate of the trapanned Page, affected to be much moved by the misfortunes of the child; and the better to bespeak her good-will in his own favour, said, that he would send a pursuivant into Scotland to make inquiry for the boy, and, if found, to negotiate his ransom. In the meanwhile he would remain himself at Werk, especially as it could not be doubted, from the vantage which King David had in time before the English came up, that the Scots must be then well on towards Jedburgh, thereby rendering any farther pursuit on that day of no avail: besides, the forest lay between them, which, till some sure account of the enemy was brought in, it would be rash and hazardous to enter. Thus making the plea of public caution serve to cover the motive which prompted him by that delay to seek the gratification of his own particular desires.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CAT O' THE ADAGE.

I shall find a fellow
That can both write and read, and make rhyme too.
ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

For love doth lie
As near and as nigh
Unto my heart within,
As mine eye to my nose,
My leg to my hose,
And my flesh unto my skin.
LOCRINE, *a Tragedy revised by Shakspeare.*

KING EDWARD, as he had promised to the Countess of Salisbury, sent off, in the course of the afternoon, a pursuivant to Scotland, with letters addressed to the King, requesting him to cause search to be made for the Lord Mowbray's page. These sort of reciprocal

courtesies were not uncommon, in those days, between monarchs at war with one another; but, besides the custom of the time, there was, as The Book states, a propinquitous friendship between the two Kings, David Bruce having married a sister of Edward Plantagenet. This marriage had been concerted to heal the animosities of their kingdoms; but it would seem, from the circumstances already narrated, that it had not been productive of the desired effect. Debates, however, and controversies, as the Chronicler remarks with equal wisdom and originality, will arise in royal as well as in the best regulated families; but it is only fair to add, that the war then raging betwixt Scotland and England arose from no quarrel personal of the sovereigns: it was as just and necessary as such proceedings commonly are, having been undertaken, on both sides, by and with the advice of their respective ministers, for the benefit of their subjects, upon the most

enlarged views, and from all those other high public motives which from time to time induce the rulers of the world to garnish the hind and the shepherd with worsted lace, and to send them with a great noise strutting away to glory.

But whatever was the responsibility of the English ministers for the consequences of the war, the conduct of their master at Werk Castle was entirely his own affair. Historians differ in their account of his behaviour to the Countess, and Froissart, whose authority cannot of course be questioned, affects to tell all that passed between them as circumstantially as if he had himself been a lord of the bedchamber, and listening behind the arras; yet, notwithstanding the seeming fidelity of his report, our author's is the more veracious account of the two, and contains, besides, many incidents and probabilities demonstrative of his superior sources of information. For example, he mentions what

Froissart does not appear to have known, that in the evening, when the King retired to the chamber in which his couch was prepared, he sat down, and, without speaking, signified to his attendants to retire. There he continued ruminating till the lights burned dimly, with his right elbow leaning on the table, and his left hand resting on the hilt of his sword, which, in seating himself, he had unconsciously placed between his knees. The grace and loveliness of the lady had taken possession of his bosom, but the remembrance of her dignity checked the indulgence of his wishes, like the Egyptian gum which arrests corruption, and preserves even the dead in everlasting beauty.

"I am overawed in her presence," said he, aloud to himself,—"the chaste rebuke of her mild religious eye makes me to feel more as a worshipper than a lover—Lover!—It is not a name that may be used towards her by any other than the happy Salisbury—happy

indeed—blest in the taste of those lips, with a diviner nectar than the poets have feigned that Hebe pours to Jove. But why do I yield to the suggestion of such unhallowed wishes, and at this time of night too, when all good men are a-bed, and Innocence, smiling in its dreams, clings fondlier to the bosom of the nursing Sleep? Saint George, drive off the tempting fiend that works so busily to blot me with dishonour!"

He then started from his seat, threw his sword on the table, and with long strides, sometimes drooping his head till his chin almost touched his breastplate, and sometimes looking aloft, walked twice or thrice across the chamber in great visible perturbation.

After a season of inward controversy so spent, he returned to the table, and pushing aside his sword, drew one of the lights towards him, and sat down as with the intent to write. Suddenly again he turned round, and began to roll his hands within each other, in

his purpose plainly unsettled; a second time he rose and paced the floor with unequal steps; his thoughts tossed and traversed like the inconstant clouds, scattered upon the carriage of the wild winds. Anon he went back to the table, and was on the point of taking his chair, when, as if moved by a sudden fancy, he paused and smiled, and then called in from the antechamber a youth, one Chaucer, who was there with his other attendants, and probably the great poet of that name.

"Bring hither, Chaucer, pen, ink, and paper," said the King. "I would have thee to write a madrigal for me; that thou mightst make it worthy of the theme, I would invoke some gracious muse to gift thee with a pen of such enchantments, that where it set down sighs, the eloquence of sighs should be felt by the reader; and when it wrote of love, it should be with tropes and terms of such

fervency as would make the flinty heart even of a Saracen all humanity."

The poetical youth, says the Chronicler, from whose pages we are literally extracting this dialogue, was seemingly as pastoral in his simplicity as a shepherd boy that hath not yet made a coronal of rushes for his Phillis, took his implements, and having seated himself at the table, looked at the King, and inquired whom his Majesty was pleased he should address.

"One," replied the King,—"write to one who is the abstract of every grace and virtue in the world.—Begin.—You cannot flatter: all epithets of admiration will not serve to express a tithe of such excellence. Write; I will meditate whilst thou art writing."

"To whom," said the youth,—"to whom shall I write?"

"Did not I tell thee to speak of beauty, and to sing sweetheart?—Go to, knave," said

the King with a smile; but in right earnest sincerity.

"I should know of what estate and condition the lady is," answered the courtly simpleton.

"Of such estate," exclaimed King Edward, "that she is as on a throne, and I the footstool where she treads! Why dost thou not write? But thou canst not indeed say what I would put into the rhyme. Thine is finger poetry. Thy pen will but prate of nightingales and blushing roses—the moon and other ditty stuff. I will have no conceits about the baby Cupid; but only strong-knit passion, writhing in a robe of fire that may not be thrown off."

The poet looked up with the pen in his hand, wondering at the King's words, while his Majesty continued to say aloud, as if unconscious of the presence of any witness,—

"The soldier alone may speak of war—the prisoner of the dungeon—and the sick man of

the pangs of death.—The hungry know the sweetness of a feast—the frozen the benefit of fire—every grief its happy opposite—and who but the lover can write of the bliss or the anguish of his passion?" With these words he went to Chaucer, and snatching the pen from him, said,—"Go, leave me; I shall be my own rhymster." But, before the youth had well quitted the apartment, he threw the pen away, and pausing sedately for a short time, said,—"This folly would be weak to derision even in that stripling;" and summoning his attendants to unlace his mail, he soon after lay down upon his couch; but the virtue of his endeavours to compose himself to sleep was rewarded with no slumber.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GARTER.

Better to die renown'd for chastity,
Than live with shame and endless infamy:
What would the common sort report of me,
If I forget my love and cleave to thee?
LOCRINE, *an Old Tragedy revised by Shakspeare.*

THE meditations of the Lady Salisbury were that night, though of a different kind, not more happy than those of her kinsman, the King. Fear was in her sleep, and Horror her dreams. She thought of her absent lord, abroad in the service of his royal master; of Uriah, ordered to the front of the battle, and while bravely defying the enemy, falling pierced in the back with many wounds. Sometimes she fancied that she did the King in-

justice by her apprehensions, and committing herself to the care of the holy virgin, composed herself to rest; but as often as Sleep, hovering over her pillow, attempted to fold his downy pinions, and alight upon her weary eyelids, Fear, standing at her bedside, drove the dumb cherub away.

As soon as she saw the dawn breaking through the casement of her chamber, she rose and went down into the pleasants of the castle, with the hope of there, in the freshness of the morning air, tasting some solace to cool the anxieties which fevered her spirit; but she had not advanced many steps beyond the hedge of yew, which, like a screen, parted the garden in the middle, when she beheld the King coming towards her with his arms folded, and his eyes cast upon the ground.

Her first intent was to turn and retire back to her chamber; but in the same instant, she discarded the weak and unworthy thought,

and went on with a serene countenance and a firm step towards the King.

"I am grieved," said she, "to see your Majesty so early abroad, and withal so thoughtful; it says little for the hospitality of Werk."

He looked at her for nearly the space of a minute, and then replied, with some hesitation,—

"I have sustained a great wrong, lady, since I came into this castle."

"Heaven forbid!—From whom?—How?" She would have added more, but the ardour of his glance for a moment disconcerted her resolution,—it was, however, only for a moment, for she presently added gravely—"Who has done the wrong? tell me, that I may remedy the fault."

"To what extent will you, fair cousin, apply the remedy?" said the King, advancing and taking her by the hand.

"To all in the power of a lady to do."

"Then is the redress of my wrong not far off. But are you indeed so ready?"

"Can your Majesty doubt the sincerity of my words?" replied the lady, with some degree of embarrassment in her air,—her eyes thrown to the ground, and her voice somewhat tremulous.

"Say then," exclaimed the King, "that you will; swear to me that you will."

She cast on him, for a moment, a glance that made him drop her hand, which in that instant she raised solemnly to heaven, and said—"I do swear."

After a brief pause, the King looked doubtfully at her, and then added, with a smile that but sparkled and vanished,—"I dote upon you, and you can make me happy; the wrong I have suffered is the peace that you have yourself stolen from me. Your love alone can be the requital."

In making this declaration, he dropped upon his knee, and would have again taken

her by the hand, but she retired back, and said—

"All power of love in my power to give, your Majesty has freely, and with all obedience,—employ me as you will in proof of what I say."

"I dote upon you," replied the King, rising.

"If it is on my beauty," said the lady, mildly, "take it if you can; but it is the sunshine of the summer of my life. You may take the blush from the rose and the light from the lily as easily as I can dispossess myself of it." She then paused, and said more earnestly,—"If it is any little virtue of which I am supposed to be in possession, take it too; for the store of virtue, like the widow's cruse, is augmented by the distribution."

The King was perplexed, and knew not well what answer to make; but, putting on a more familiar air, he said, with a laugh,—

"I would not dispossess you of your beauty; I would but have you lend it. In sooth, I wish for no more than you may freely give; and have you not sworn to give me what I would?"

"Yes; and with all faith and sincerity I did swear; but before I can give I must have to give."

"A truce, lady, with this. I do not ask any thing. I would barter with you love for love."

The Countess retreated about the length of a pace from him, for he again knelt; and she then said, after regarding him with a sad and compassionate look,—

"Your Grace offers what is not your own, and were not the lips sacred which have uttered it, I would say they have profaned the name of love. What you would give belongs of right to the Queen. O marvel of a guilty mystery! to behold him to whom all others are bound to kneel, sunk to such prostration! Rise, my lord; ill accords

this base suit with your princely character. The man that but counterfeits your coin is put to death, and yet you would commit treason to the oaths and allegiance that you owe to God, and stamp his image in forbidden metal. I am Lord Salisbury's wife,—surely this trial is but to test me."

In saying this the tears rose into her eyes, and for the space of a minute she was silent, during which the King took hold of her hand, and pressed it to his lips; at which she said—

"Well then I do consent to your desires, but on condition—"

"Name it," cried the King, transported to hear she was at last consenting.

"The death of my husband and the Queen, —till they are removed neither of us is free to love."

This was said very solemnly, and the King was somewhat daunted; still, however, he replied as it were jovially—

"Your opposition is beyond all law."

"Your desire is beyond all law."

"Well! well!" exclaimed the King, eagerly seizing her in his arms, "your beauty makes them guilty, and they shall die."

"I would cry for help," replied the lady; "but in the King's presence the meanest subject is safe from outrage."

The King dropped his rude hold, and retired abashed to some distance, saying—

"Lady, you are safe. Noble woman! the rash fool that was betrayed by his nature's frailty to insult you with an unrighteous passion was not the King. The King will exact from him such atonement as may well appease the wrong he did you. Edward will make the fond and enchanted Plantagenet richly indemnify his offence,—name the penalty."

The lady was moved by these words; but still, without any abatement of the stern serenity with which she had invested her magnanimous fortitude, she replied—

"The world, my lord, stands in great

expectation that you will achieve in these wars some singular and imperishable renown for England. Your claim to the French crown is a call from the God of Battles to accomplish the hope of the age. Obey that call, and fulfil the expectation that all men have in your destiny."

The King, roused into the natural elevation of his ambition by this chivalrous incitement, exclaimed—

"And it shall be so; I will perform the penance that you require, and hereafter the remembrancer of my vow shall become so famous as the badge of heroic worth, that the mightiest kings will be proud to obtain it for the emblem and guerdon of their greatest triumphs."

In so saying, being filled with a new sentiment of reverence and admiration, he again knelt and respectfully kissed the hand of the Countess. In doing so, he chanced to observe that she had dropped her garter, which he

took up with the intention of presenting it to her; but the Lords Mowbray and Warwick, with certain other barons, then chancing to come forward, and seeing the King in that position, halted. Noticing the garter in his hand, they looked at one another, and began to smile. His Majesty having risen, and guessing what was passing in their minds, discordant to the higher key to which his own feelings were at the moment pitched, said—

"Oh, shame, my lords!—*Honi soit qui mal y pense!* Blush not, lady, at this accident. This shall be my remembrancer.—I will make this cause of their slanderous thoughts as richly honoured as the relics of St George." With these words he led the lady back to the castle; and from this incident, according to our author, the Most Noble Order of St George of England took its rise; but of the more formal institution a particular account is given in the sequel, and which it would be irrelevant to antici-

pate in this place, especially as in following the Chronicler into this digression concerning King Edward's visit to Work castle, we have longer left the highway of our subject than is consistent with that closeness of reasoning and coherency in narration, for which we expect to be so universally celebrated.

CHAPTER XV.

A WELCOME.

Gates of brass and high-built walls
Are proof against swords and cannon-balls;
But nought's been found by sea or land
That can a wayward wife withstand.

EXCELLENT NEW SONG.

IN the meantime, Gabriel de Glowr, with Rothelan, and the relics of the spoil of Durham, had arrived at Falaside, a gaunt and grim tower, with battlemented walls and pepper-box corners, loophole windows, and every other feature and frown befitting the mansion of a bold and free country gentleman who lived on the produce of his fields—of glory. We should have extracted the author's circumstantial description of this edifice, as it is

full of the most picturesque points and peculiarities, difficult to paint, and intricate to describe, but that of late years there has been rather too much said about such things. Besides, our taste does not lie in that line; we prefer an old crone with a curious character, or an odd and droll carl, to all the mysterious castles and turretry of Christendom, and therefore the courteous reader will pardon us for saying no more concerning the fortalice of Falaside, than that it was a residence worthy of its lord, in an age before justices of the peace were invented, at least in Scotland. We shall, however, use a little more freedom with the madam of the mansion; for in her appearance and personalities we find metal more attractive.

The Lady of Falaside, as the Chronicler says, was seemingly a sedate, self-possessed matron; her voice was softened and sopanacious; her words mealy; her aspect was nevertheless ungainly; and moreover, there was

an acrimonious flicker in the working of her keen and thrift-watching eyes, that denoted some original lack of urbanity in her temper, notwithstanding the oily smoothness with which she had lubricated her tongue. Her years were passing fifty, and she was of the leaner species of womankind withal: though never in a bustle, she was always moving about, saying taunting things in a pleasant manner to her handmaids and servitors.

When informed by the warder of the house that his master was approaching, she went down to the gate to receive her lord, and to welcome him home from the wars. But, before he was near enough to receive her embraces, she observed him, as he alighted from his horse, flushed and flustered, the consequence of his encounter with the burghers of the honest town; and accordingly, like a true and loving wife, she tuned her salutation to his mood and the occasion.

" Be thankful," said she, " that ye're hame

at your ain house again, though it may ha'e been at some cost o' credit. I am really blithe to see you, and though ye had na brought but a starvling's store, it's something that ye ha'e brought yoursel. It would ha'e been worse, had ye maybe, forbye a brittle temper, brought a broken limb. Howsever, Gabriel, I'm content."

"Content!" growled the Baron of Falaside, looking at her as if his eyes had been daggers,—"I'll burn the town for the scaith they ha'e done to me this day.'

"Wha has done you scaith, my dear?" said the lady, in her most soothing and conciliating voice.

"I had," replied the wrathful Gabriel de Glowr,—"I had made such a conqueesh as no man o' my degree ever did before; but the Musselburghers and their wives fell on us in the moor, and ha'e driven away the half,—the deevils roast them on tormentors for't."

"Surely, Gabriel, ye were nae sae weakly,"

exclaimed the Lady, "as to let yoursel' be herrit by the auld wives o' Musselburgh?"

"Wives!" cried the baron.

"It would ha'e been a silly sang an ye had," replied his condoling spouse, before he had time to explain. "But whatna Jock-clouts is that ye ha'e brought?"

Gabriel looked hastily round to where Rothelan, who had dismounted, was standing, dressed, as already described, in the nether garment of the Mayor of Durham; and then, turning to his lady, he said, with a smile—

"He's an eagle in the puddock hair. I redde ye tend him weel, and wi' courtesie; for ye little ken what may fall out frae that laddie. He's either King Edward's page, or a wee princie himsel. An ye had seen the cleeding he had on when he cam into my aught!"

"And what ha'e ye done wi't?"

"It was plastered wi' gold—every button was like a yellow bum-bee. It was o' the

purple vellour. I got thir three and thirty rose nobles for't," said the baron, chinking the purse as he took it from his bosom.

"Three and thirty! I dare say it was nae the half o' the worth o't; but I maun be content, Gabriel; it's no for a wife to complain o' the wit o' her gudeman; and, no doubt, ye did the best ye could according to your judgment. No more can be looked for frae ony man. But if sic a wean's cleeding was worth three and thirty rose nobles in the rugging and riving o' a camp, I'll no sae what their market might ha'e been at the cross o' Edinburgh or St Johnstoun. But if it's a misfortune, Gabriel, we maun thole't. As for the foray wi' the wives o' Musselburgh, I doubt, I doubt"——

"What the deevil do ye doubt, woman! I tell you it was na the wives, but men and wives, and Clinkscales at the head o' them."

"Na!" exclaimed the Lady, "that's the grievousest thing o' a', to think that the Baron

o' Falaside should have been obliged to jook to a magistrate o' Musselburgh."

Gabriel threw at her one of the fiercest looks by which he had acquired his surname, and walked into the castle. Whereupon the lady turned to one of the men, who had been in the campaign, Robin-the-louper, and inquired of him more particularly concerning the affair with the Musselburghers; but the ire of Robin on the subject was none less than the indignation of his lord, and she got so little satisfaction from him, that she was fain to address Rothelan."

Whether the boy was moved by mirth or malice in his answer, or whether, young as he was, he had discovered the springs of her character, and was stirred by resentment to revenge himself on Gabriel for having stripped him of his gay apparel, we shall not undertake to determine; but it appears that his answers were none calculated to sweeten the repast of the baron's welcome.

"Yes," said he, "we were attacked by a flock of women. They had their own reasons for waylaying the baron. But I saw no children—they had no children with them. I don't think the Sultan of the Saracens has more wives, and some of them were so beautiful, you can't think"——

The lady could make no answer to these insinuations, nor would it seem she was very thankful for the Page's apparent information; for she only rewarded him with a blow on the cheek as she turned tartly from him and hurried into the hall, for which the boy thanked her with a scream that he gradually modulated into a laugh, till Robin-the-louper and his fellows joined chorus.

The Chronicler relates other particulars concerning the return of Gabriel de Glowr to his castle, and the reception of our hero at Falaside, and concludes the chapter with some beautiful moral reflections on the irreverence with which youthful eyes regard the

infirmities of age, deducing from the homely incidents of this little scene, many pithy sentences and pregnant apophthegms, particularly calculated to improve the rising generation, and to repress that prankful spirit of boyhood which the good and wise so emphatically condemn, because they can taste the sweetness of young mischief no more.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SACK OF MUSSELBURGH.

Briareus armed with an hundred hands,
Flung forth an hundred mountains at great Jove.
——— the monstrous giant Monichus
Hurl'd Mount Olympus at great Mars' targe,
And shot huge cedars at Minerva's shield.

LOCRINE, *an old Play revised by Shakspeare.*

AFTER describing the arrival and reception at Falaside, the Chronicler, for several chapters, again loses sight of Rothelan, and the narrative is neither altogether so clear nor so connected as we could have wished. Indeed the great fault of THE BOOK is a carelessness in this respect, somewhat like the way in which the old English dramatists send in upon the scene characters of great pith and promise,

and then take them off without having assigned to them any adequate part in the business of the plot. We learn however, but it is only incidentally, that the pursuivant whom King Edward, at the request of the Countess of Salisbury, sent into Scotland, reached Edinburgh in the evening of the same day on which the Scottish Monarch returned to Holyrood-house, and that having explained the object of his mission, an officer was appointed to conduct him to the residence of Gabriel de Glowr.

This officer, it would appear, was acquainted with the renowned Clinkscales, and in passing through Musselburgh, on their way to Falaside, he persuaded the pursuivant to halt and partake of the worthy magistrate's good cheer. Clinkscales thus became informed of the value attached to Rothelan, and, through the hazy avenue of possibilities, perceiving a bright though indistinct vista of advantages that might be appropriated to himself, he as-

sured his guests that Sir Gabriel was rather a free sort of a man in respect to the chattels of others, and that were they to go at once to his gate and demand the restitution of the Page, he would not fail to deceive them either by word or deed.

"If ye'll be reasoned by me," said he to the pursuivant, "this is a concern that needs a canny hand—the more doucely ye set about it the surer will ye speed. My friend here will go back to his duty at the court, and leave you wi' me, when I'll consider what's best to be done."

"But," said the English pursuivant, "we have the King's authority. It is not possible that Sir Gabriel will resist us."

"Possible here or possible there," replied the magistrate, "it's no for me to say what he'll resist; but it's as good as ony king's officer's neck's worth to gang withouten leave to the gate of Falaside. Be ye therefore counselled, friend; do nothing farther in your

errand for the present; bide the night wi' me, and in the morn we'll see what's fit for an expediency."

With some such reasoning as this Clinkscales induced the officer to return to Edinburgh, leaving the pursuivant in the honest town.

In the meantime the revenge of the baron for the manner in which he had been so mulcted of his plunder had suffered no mitigation; but, on the contrary, it every hour burnt fiercer and fiercer, to which the amiable stirrings of his lady's connubial remarks not a little contributed; in so much that, at the very time of this conversation, he was concerting the means for an attack on the town, not only to gratify his wrath, but to indemnify himself for the loss he had sustained.

In what manner he intended to execute this vengeance is not mentioned; but the preparations greatly excited the ardour and curiosity of the children belonging to the retainers in

the hall; and Rothel, notwithstanding the grudge he owed the Baron, was, from an instinctive love of adventure, so delighted with the business, that he proposed to them to become their leader, and to conduct them to the assault. The ingenuity of the suggestion with which he accompanied this proposal was not unworthy of such young heroism.

He had observed that the houses of the town were covered with thatch, and he naturally thought it would be a brave and glorious thing to burn them. This however was not easily done, for they were inaccessible to any brands or torches that might be flung at them, being enclosed so far within a wall, that they could not by any power of the arm even of man be reached. He proposed however to his companions to catch as many sparrows as possible, and to fasten matches to their legs. Accordingly, before Sir Gabriel and his band were ready to set out on the expedition, the young warriors had provided themselves with a nu-

merous equipage of these marines, with which, and with a candle in an old iron helmet, a common . . . lantern in those days, they followed the main body of the Falaside rievers to the town.

It was then the first hour of the night; a faint streak of the twilight yet lingered among the clouds of the west. The wind came gustily from the north. The sound of the waves was angry rather than loud along the shore of the links. The stars were out, but their eyes were dim and sickly, and the roads were dank and heavy to the foot, though no rain had fallen. There was more of sullenness than silence in the night, as Gabriel de Glowr with his men came from Falaside by a slanting path between the Pinky fields and the hills of Inveresk.

Within the town no attack was apprehended. Every thing there was in its wont at the same hour. Lights might be seen peering and twinkling through the seams of the window-

boards, and at the cheeks of doors pairs of men and maidens earnestly whispering; while some elderly spinster, stretching forth her long neck from a neighbouring casement, in vain, with open ear, endeavoured to catch the topic of their tale.—Nor were the streets yet empty. The newly-arrived carrier unlading his horses at the door of his hostel, showed that all the business of the day was not yet done; while the voice of the wayfaring traveller summoning the host as he alighted, gave note that the time of rest was at hand;—but a still more assured signal,—the flashing of a link, carried by a boy,—might be descried, and behind it the portly figure of some municipal dignitary, deliberately returning to his own house, perhaps with the partner of his greatness leaning on his arm. Far behind him, in the remote obscure, low under-sounds might be heard, and a noise as of struggling and of heaviness, which some heaped-up shape and huddled

likeness of perhaps another no less potent senator of the burgh, might be discovered through the muffling darkness, hanging unwieldily on his soberer neighbour's arm.

At that time of night, those who were still abroad in Musselburgh beheld an apparition as it were of fiery darts, rise from behind the town, and, with painful, short, shrill, chirping cries, alight on the roofs of several houses. At first this singular show bred only admiration and amaze; but soon it was observed that where the fires settled, smoke began to rise, which presently the gusty wind blew into flames. Then there was consternation and terror, and the cries of frantic persons running to and fro; while, in the midst of the panic, the shouts and cheers of many boyish voices were heard at a distance, and the confusion of struggling and rage at the back of Clinkscales' house, on which the fire-birds had settled in the greatest numbers.

What further ensued that night, nor what success attended the enterprise of the revengeful Baron of Falaside as to indemnity, the Chronicler does not relate; but diverging, in his peculiar manner, to the great transactions in which King Edward, according to his chivalrous vow, engaged for the recovery of his birth-right to the French crown, he describes, with amazing power of poetry, all that took place in France till the field of Cressy was won, and the English commenced the ever-famous siege of Calais.—Then he transports the spirit of the reader back to England, and tells us, with no less address and energy, in what manner Queen Philippa, at home, guarded the kingdom, and caused the Scottish King and many of his nobles to be taken prisoners in the battle of Neville's Cross. But these spirited and splendid achievements, so rich in many a rare incident of heroic bravery, are foreign to our history, and leave us

desiring and regretting that there is no account of the subsequent instructions in the art of war which Rothelan received in the contests between the Musselburghers and the Baron of Falaside. It only appears, by what afterwards happened, that the mission of the English pursuivant was of no effect; the reason is not explained,—perhaps he was killed in the burning of the town,—perhaps he ran away; but, whatever the cause may have been, it is certain that Rothelan was allowed to grow to manhood in Scotland, where, under the auspices of Gabriel de Glowr, he acquired that skill in enterprise for which he is so justly renowned, or at least will hereafter be.

Having thus given a competent view of the contents of the two first parts of THE BOOK OF BEAUTY, we shall now proceed with the third; and, in order that our narrative may not be impeded in its course, which now

proceeds more and more rapidly, we shall confine ourselves exclusively to the story of Rothelan, who, when he next appears on the stage, comes forward in the prime of youthful manhood.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

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